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ISADORE RUSH
who shines in "Glittering Gloria."

GRAPHIC

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Matters of Moment

The Political Outlook

The end of the most desultory and uninteresting campaign in the annals of American politics is at hand. The people have been quite satisfied that there should be no disturbance of the ordinary course of business, for no issue has been raised to engage serious attention. Democratic leaders have in turn tilted at Roosevelt's "big stick;" at "militarism"—one soldier for every eleven hundred of the population!—at "extravagance," without attempting to show where expenses could be cut; at "imperialism" in the Philippines and at "protection as robbery," but they have made no impression on the people. In the words of President Eliot of Harvard, "The Democrats have not seized firmly, or made adequate use of, any important issue. The Democratic party is not committed to any reform."

In those states, where state elections are held simultaneously with the national election, public interest is almost entirely centered in local affairs. In New York the struggle is concentrated against Odellism, and the Democratic candidate for governor, Judge Herrick, is fairly sure of election. In both Missouri and Wisconsin gallant fights are being made for good government; the triumph of both Folk and La Follette will be hailed with satisfaction by every thoughtful patriot. In Illinois, the election of Deneen, a practical reformer, will be a cause for rejoicing.

The centralized force of wealth, the "money power," is the real danger that confronts the country; the force that corrupts legislatures and violates law, "the growing power of wealth, especially as shown in the tendency to abuse public authority and public office for the sake of private gain." To this issue the national conscience is not yet aroused, although it is the sum and substance of the struggle in several states. Special privilege for the few will be the issue in 1908 and it will be "predominant." The perpetuation of the Republican party in power depends entirely on how Theodore Roosevelt attacks the problem during the next four years. Unless corrective measures are enacted and observed, the next campaign will be fought out on the lines of radical reform, with government ownership of railroads as the principal issue.

The City Conventions

Another instructive example has been given the people of the stupendous folly of confounding party politics with municipal affairs. There is not one decent, thoughtful Republican in Los Angeles today, who is not heartily ashamed of his party's actions at its city convention last week. The nomination of Owen McAleer redeemed the delegates from the absolute yoke of the Machine. The Machine wanted S. A. Butler, because he would have been an easy mark for M. P. Snyder. Mr. Butler, who took his defeat with manly grace, is to be congratulated on his escape. Mr. McAleer will prove a formidable candidate, but he has an exceedingly difficult contest before him. The public utility corporations will be solidly arrayed against him and Snyder also commands the confidence of the entire liquor element. Furthermore there is not a point in the crafty game of politics of which M. P. Snyder is not a past-master.

The convention disgraced itself, as the *Graphic* predicted, by the nomination of E. R. Werdin for street superintendent. It disgraced itself still more deeply by ignoring the recommendation of a non-partisan school board and insisting on a crooked party and prodigiously stupid ticket. The convention was led blindly into a ditch by Mark Keppel and the Schoolmasters' Club, whose interference is as impudent as it is intolerable.

The better element of the convention was disgusted with the program, but its hands were tied. The convention was not a deliberative body. It deliberated on nothing after the contest for the mayoralty nomination was decided, but swallowed the rest of the program whole. A political convention resents premeditated advice if it comes from outsiders, but let the professional programmers get in the saddle and the majority of delegates are ridden like dumb asses to whatever goal the p p's desire.

George P. Adams in his apology for Werdin, made at once the cleverest and the most impudent speech of the convention. He properly scored the silly claptrap attack upon Werdin's automobile and the convention was asked if the street superintendent should use a mule! Mr. Adams juggled with figures cleverly enough to whitewash Werdin and obfuscate delegates. His speech on behalf of his client and candidate was admirable strategy and pressing his points he made many Werdin votes.

The nomination of Werdin and the insulting repudiation of the non-partisan school board ticket gave the local Democracy its chance, of which it wisely availed itself. In James Hanley, the Democrats have named a strong, clean man, with an excellent record on the Board of Supervisors. Hanley has earned the respect and confidence of all sorts and conditions of citizens and should easily defeat the wastrel Werdin, provided the people interest themselves. Here again it is to be remembered that the public utility corporations, whose service Werdin for selfish reasons has preferred to the city's, will stand by "their friend" and also that Werdin with his considerable patronage and his treaties with the majority of the contractors has built up a very powerful machine of his own.

The thoughtful citizen will absolutely eschew all party connections in the coming city election, and we believe the majority of them will vote for Owen McAleer for mayor, for James Hanley for street superintendent and for the non-partisan school

board. Furthermore, in several wards the Democratic nominations for the council are distinctly superior to those of the Republicans.

Professor J. B. Millard insisted that the election of Charles Cassat Davis and W. J. Washburn would mean his severance from the public service of the city.—*The Express*.

Then it is high time that the public service of the city insisted on Professor J. B. Millard's severance.

Citizens are aware that I stand for universal transfers. The limit of twenty-one years upon corporation franchises sold by the municipality is highly satisfactory to me.—*Owen McAleer*.

Yes, but they are both highly unsatisfactory to the public utility corporations, who will carry "a big stick" for Mr. McAleer. That, however, is no reason why we should not make him Mayor McAleer.

Blanchard's election would be a public scandal and should be prevented even if it be necessary to put up an independent nomination by petition.—*Examiner*.

All right, Henry, but how would you prevent it? E. L. Blanchard happens to have the Ninth Ward in his pocket.

Corporations

Here are wise words from Collier's Weekly about Corporations:

That corporations may be either good or bad has been said so often that it has passed into a joke. Nevertheless, it remains a truth. Some people can see no good in corporations or their works, and do not discriminate in criticising men connected with corporations. Any official who is against corporations they think is for the people, and a usurpation of power by such a man is excusable if directed against corporations. But corporations are a part of the people, and they are useful instruments in modern life. In the long-run their interests may coincide with those of the rest of the people. Individual business men, large and small, are guilty, too, of the same offences which the corporations practice, and, in the case of some offences, to an even greater extent, since the actions of the individual are less likely to be noticed; such offences, for instance, as big profits from small capital and evasion of taxation. There is no good in this tendency to throw on to corporations alone a blame which belongs on business men as a class or on the people themselves for indifference or lack of moral fibre. Granted this, however, it remains true that business is more and more in corporate form, and that vast aggregations of wealth in action are nearly always in that form. When people loosely attack corporations they are really aiming at abuses of the money power, and are merely infelicitous in their use of words. Some of the worst combinations need not be corporations and often are not. They may depend on mere private agreements, almost impossible to prove, as is notably the case among the packers. If all the beef men should undertake to form themselves into one corporation they would be suppressed, but they can attain the same end by a little chat among plenipotentiaries and the law can not reach them.

Economic Apoplexy—Competitive wage and monopoly price.

Character Sketches

XVI.

Robert N. Bulla

The juxtaposition of Senator Bulla to Judge McKinley in this hall of fame is a natural sequence. Although very good personal friends and both most orthodox Republicans, each represents a very different and antagonistic wing of the party. Judge McKinley, as I pointed out last week, is local head of the machine. Senator Bulla captains the anti-machine forces, which are bitterly opposed to the domination of the Southern Pacific Railway in California politics and have revolted from W. F. Herrin's rule. At present Senator Bulla represents a comparatively small but, for the most part, eminently respectable minority. Two years ago the fortunes of the Bullaites were in the ascendancy: they succeeded in preventing the renomination of Governor Henry T. Gage, but were unable to install their favorite, Tom Flint, Jr., of San Benito. This year their phlegmatic advocacy of Senator Bard and their alliance with Gen. Otis—although there can be no such thing as "alliance" with the editor of the Times—resulted disastrously and plunged Senator Bulla and his doughty colleague, Tom Hughes, into political sackcloth and ashes. Senator Bulla's present attitude towards politics seems to be that of a chastened and long-suffering mourner. Only Tom Hughes still smiles over the obsequies.

Bulla, perhaps, is too mild-mannered and too sincere a man for success in practical politics. His ideals are high, but his methods are also too lofty for the average politician to grasp. But there is no resentment in his disappointments, which have been both personal and patriotic. I do not think he complains of the fate which decreed he should not go to the United States Senate six years ago. It was a natural ambition, and, strange to say, in the light of recent political developments, the Republicans of Los Angeles county in their convention of 1898, resolved by an overwhelming majority to instruct the legislators elected from the county to vote for Robert N. Bulla for the United States Senate. This incidentally was the practice that Senator Bulla vehemently opposed a few months ago when the shoe was on another's foot. But Bulla had been too rigid a reformer and too scrupulous a man not to have made many enemies—at least not enough friends—during his four terms in the state legislature, and his candidacy received little sympathy or support from the practical politicians. Nevertheless, when his own fate was sealed, he magnanimously rendered yeoman service to another candidate from the South and materially assisted in Thomas R. Bard's election.

Mr. Bulla's long service in the state legislature—in the 30th and 31st sessions in the Assembly, and in the 32nd and 33rd sessions in the Senate—was distinguished by earnest work and marked parliamentary ability. Twelve years ago a reform movement in the Second Ward of Los Angeles caused his nomination for the Assembly. He was elected, and in 1894 was re-elected. Two years later he was nominated for State Senator by acclamation and was elected by a substantial majority in a city that then went Democratic. Again in 1898 he was

re-elected to the State Senate. Mr. Bulla in knowledge and ability was distinctly superior to the average mediocre talent that we find available for the Legislature, and he soon made his mark at Sacramento. His work on important committees was of great value and he was directly responsible for much beneficial legislation. Among his notable legislative achievements were the authorship of the bill requiring divorced persons to postpone remarriage for a year after divorce and the delinquent tax law. After his first term in the Legislature, Governor Markham appointed him Commissioner under the Torrens' Land Transfer act, and as a result of his work the Legislature adopted a measure embodying the essential features of that system of land transfers. The measure prepared by Bulla subsequently afforded a model for a similar law passed in Illinois. In 1897 Governor Budd appointed him to the Code Commission and his painstaking industry and wide legal knowledge proved of great value in the revision of the cumbersome and elaborated code.

Bulla returned from seven years' service in Sacramento an uncompromising foe of the Machine and of the Boss in politics. Some years ago I heard him read a bitter arraignment of the Boss before the Sunset Club. In a mild-mannered way he is a boss himself now, for he has been called the brains, and Tom Hughes the brawn (I do not think the distinction is justified) of the anti-machine forces. I imagine Senator Bulla must have revised his views on the boss question, realizing that organization—the machine prefers to be known as “the organization”—is essential for success in politics, and that there must be a head, a general manager, a boss, to every successful organization.

The main trouble with Bulla seems to have been that he was cajoled or coerced to share his bossdom with Harrison Gray Otis, the monumental blunderer in politics. And Bulla was content to stroke the hand that many a time and oft had struck him viciously and without offence. It was the unwise move in Bulla's political career and has mainly contributed to his undoing. Six years ago no man had fairer political prospect than Senator Bulla; this year he has thrice been given the “coldest deal”—the frozen mit—by his party in convention. But I have no doubt Bulla will rise again. He is far too valuable a man for his party or his state to shelve and he is still young.

Robert N. Bulla was born in Wayne county, Indiana in 1852. In 1875 he graduated from the National University, Lebanon, Ohio. He then studied law and was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati. He came to Los Angeles in 1883 and for four years was connected with the firm of Bicknell and White. In 1888 he formed a partnership with Percy R. Wilson, which lasted until a few years ago. On his return from Sacramento Senator Bulla was instrumental in organizing a number of oil companies, some of which were successful and others experienced vicissitudes. He has built up a large legal practice and is also secretary of the Central Oil Company and a director of one or more banks.

In both political and private life Senator Bulla is the essence of amiability and it is difficult to upset his equanimity. Like Judge McKinley, his principal dissipation is dominoes, but he has been known to play the pranks of a ten-year-old at Sunset Club's jinks. His religious views are broad and he is, I believe, a pillar of the Church of the Unity. He is a fluent, straightforward speaker, with a complete

mastery of whatever subject he has in hand. He has a nice taste for literature and is devoted to his home and daughters.

Temporary political discomfiture will not down Robert N. Bulla, for he is distinctly one of Los Angeles' strong men—and, furthermore, he is sincere. He has quite made up his mind about his political enemies; all he needs is more discretion as to the choice of his political allies. In private life he has no enemies and a host of warm friends, of whom I am proud to subscribe myself one.

JUNIUS.

To Idleness

Ah, dear Idleness, how shall I beckon thee?
Dear tired playmate, dreaming in the shade!
Soon upon the pool where the water lily closes
Split will be the moon with the planets in a braid.

Where the ripple witches her, a wide, white lily,
Whispering the osier to close his elfin net,
There, elbow deep, will I dip and lift and loop her,
Snaked in thy hair a-drip, jewel upon jet.

Faithful my comfort! Long, far, I haunted,
Following my days from a dream into a dream,
Where a-flake with emerald the mazy circle floated,
Swirled upon the eddy, swept adown the stream.

Then were it mine, could I grasp it, to crown me—
Mine alone the guerdon as mine alone the brow!
If at length it come to a tired hand captive,
Wear it of right, but ah, condemn not thou!

Brave men, my comrades, sought with me the jewel,
Each for his own to bear, bound upon his crest;
Some of them be dead; a-many have wandered;
But a few ride forthright, following the quest.

I alone renounced, and by renouncing won it;
I alone handselled it, and in the winning lost.
If at length it come to a tired hand captive,
Wear it of right—but mine remains the cost.

Far adown the valley, riding in manhood,
Gaunt go the men-at-arms; high upon the coast,
Shadows of lance, of pennon, wave and flicker,
Faint, yet the thin points lift aloft the Host.

Ah, longer thou than any shadow faithful!
Thou mayst not hear their summons, nor divine!
Only take back thy little hand—it kills me—
Thy dreaming hand, that trustful feels for mine!

Farewell, Idleness! Lo, I deck thee dreaming:
Diamond and emerald—wear them, and awake
To the lone stream's echo, and a far hoof sounding
Hollow, forlorn, yet fain to overtake.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

What make Bridge so popular? One reason is this: The game is peculiarly suited to the American type of mind. The qualities essential for success at bridge are precisely those which are in demand in everyday life, either business or social. It is a game of judgment combined with speculation; of combination balanced by competition. The play of every hand requires the same foresight as the planning of a business enterprise or a social entertainment, and the same readiness in adapting one's self to changed conditions. A peculiarity of the game is that it continually presents interesting and intricate problems, more or less difficult of solution, and the individual feels that the play of every card is an expression of his personality in controlling the result. It sharpens the memory and cultivates the habit of attention to details, gradually widening the intellectual power.—*New York Sun.*

“Is Judge Parker abler and stronger, of higher courage and more commanding personality than Mr. Cleveland? Is he better informed upon public affairs? Has he thought more deeply upon public questions? Is his statesmanship broader and more genuine? If not, what hope is there of better things with power in Democratic hands?”—*Elihu Root.*

By The Way

League's Coat Off.

I rejoice to see that the Municipal League has at last shoved itself into a position where it must take off its coat and get right down to business, doing politics for politics' good. The League claims to be, or attempts to be, a non-political organization. Its function—so it has frequently stated—is to introduce reforms in methods of government, but to allow the people to choose their officers without even so much as a suggestion from its body which ought to be especially qualified to pass judgment on the merits of candidates. This policy has worked itself out to a perfectly logical conclusion thus: In its effort to accomplish certain administrative reforms, the League ran up against our political Street Superintendent. It began with him very gently and delicately, and Mr. Werdin with that rare diplomacy which has distinguished his career, requested the League to go to h-ll. The League pursued the even tenor of its way, and in due course of time published a report in which it told of Werdin's night force working only four hours, so that Franklin & Alexander might draw \$700 more a month. The exposure angered taxpayers, but the Superintendent's friends in the realm of cheap politics made haste to pat him on the back and commend his thoughtfulness in providing that much more money for the coming campaign. "Surely," said the League to itself, "the great and good Republican party is not going to nominate a man of the hoodlum type, who overdraws his account \$90,000 in one year and costs the city \$220,000 more in the annual care and maintenance of its streets than it has ever paid before." So it published a mild statement in which it warned the party that if it saw fit to nominate Mr. Werdin, the League would proceed to tell the voters in detail what kind of a man he was and thus cause his defeat. Whereupon, the Republican party in convention assembled, told the League that it might go to the very place to which Werdin had already consigned it. And in order to make its purpose entirely clear, the convention picked up the non-partisan School Board idea of the League and kicked it off the premises. Thus that mild and innocent concern was to be taught that it should mind its own business and pay taxes—the politicians and contractors would do the rest.

The Golden Opportunity.

Here was the time when the League was expected to retire from the field crushed and humiliated, find fault with one another, and go out of business. That was the precedent in such cases, made and provided. In order to leave the organization no possible loophole of escape, the cards had been stacked on the Democratic side of the table to nominate a good-natured weakling for Street Superintendent, and play horse with the non-partisan nominations for the School Board. But about that time the League began to wake up and take counsel with itself. "Wait a bit," said the leaders, "this isn't really a matter of politics; it is good government that is at stake. If Werdin is to run the city, and the School Board is to be filled up with cheap, partisan non-entities, we may as well go out of business for good and all. If we cannot do business with the Repub-

licans, let us try the Democrats. It is their golden opportunity and also our own."

Practical Politics.

So it came to pass that on Friday evening, October 28th, 1904, there was born a new champion of the welfare and progress of Los Angeles City—a militant, courageous, determined organization "with a heart for any fate." It issued a clear, unequivocal call to the Democrats to give us a nominee for Street Superintendent that would hold the independent vote, and named him—James Hanley, the road-builder of Los Angeles County, a sterling Democrat, a business man and an honest, capable and energetic official. And the next morning a body of twenty picked men from the League threw themselves upon the Democratic convention with the force of a projectile out of a well-loaded and well-aimed cannon. I was present much of the day and can testify to the extraordinary efficiency of the work of men like J. O. Koepfli, R. W. Burnham, H. C. Witmer, C. D. Willard, Dr. John R. Haynes, General John R. Mathews, O. T. Johnson, Frank Simpson, N. Bonfilio, R. W. Pridham, W. C. Patterson, C. A. Moody, J. M. Elliott, Eugene Germain, and a host of others who went about among the delegates arguing, coaxing, promising, and as rapidly as they were won over, ornamenting their converts with Hanley badges. At the beginning of the day, Hanley did not have, on the most favorable estimate, over one-fourth of the convention, but by noon he had more than half the total. The supporters of Craig made a determined fight and refused to withdraw their man, even after he was beaten, but in the end took their defeat good-humoredly. The non-partisan School Board idea was adopted in the platform and no portion of that very excellent document received more enthusiastic applause. For once a local Democratic convention did wise politics and at the same time upheld the cause of good citizenship.

Must "Make Good."

Now it is up to the League to "make good," and, from what I hear by private wire, the leaders of that organization are thoroughly awake to the responsibility and are ready for action. This does not mean, I take it, that they will devote time and energy to the election of Hanley and the non-partisan School Board. Their success in so admirable a cause is only a matter of hard work and of getting the truth before the people. How any man that pays taxes, or who honors a faithful official and despises the other kind, can hesitate between Hanley and Werdin, is a mystery to any one that understands the situation. In addition to being an efficient official, Hanley is a natural vote-getter. He does not need to threaten to "lick" his followers to get them in line; he is a plain, honest man of the people. As for the School Board, when the voter has placed before him the two lists—one composed of seven men selected by the Schoolmasters' Club from the ranks of the utterly unknown, and the other containing names like Slauson and Davis and Washburn and Bicknell—there can be no doubt whatever of the result. The prodigal son was entirely ready to have his diet of husks when the fat-

Orator—I will now drop the subject and turn to—
Pessimistic Auditor—Drop it? Huh! You ain't even grasped it, yet!—Puck

ted veal appeared on the table, and the people of this city who look upon the schools with the same solicitude and affection that they regard their own family circle, will never place cheap politics before their children's welfare.

Political Schoolmasters.

Are the Schoolmasters or the self-appointed bosses that run its club to dictate who shall compose the Board of Education, which hires the schoolmasters? The actions in the city conventions of Mark Keppel, now county superintendent of schools and once a principal in the city public schools, and J. B. Millard, former assistant superintendent of public schools and now teacher, were a disgrace to the schools and to the community. Keppel has been perniciously active in local politics for years, and was largely responsible for the defeat of the non-partisan board in the Republican city convention. It was Millard, too, who pleaded that if Washburn and Davis were elected to the board he would sever his connection with the public service. Probably he will. Millard was the member of the charter amendment committee who was chiefly instrumental in securing the insertion of a provision which was designed to give teachers practically a life tenure of their positions regardless of the Board of Education, one of the two obnoxious features of the school amendment which caused its defeat. One of the first duties of a non-partisan Board of Education will be to clean out practical politics from the public schools. It has no place there and the bosses of the Schoolmasters' club cannot serve two masters. If teachers cannot keep their places without political influence they are not fit to teach. It is clearly evident that the Schoolmasters' club is an organization that should be looked into and made to show its papers.

A Canard.

Already the conscienceless opponents of the non-partisan school board are busy spreading false reports concerning the non-partisan candidates. The story has been bruited around among the school teachers that the non-partisans, and particularly W. J. Washburn and Charles Cassat Davis, are in favor of reducing salaries. There is not one iota of truth in the report. On the contrary, both Mr. Washburn and Mr. Davis, who have been singled out for the attack, are in favor of raising salaries if it is possible to do so. The professional opponents of two of the best men who ever served on the school board have nothing to urge in favor of the partisan ticket and are therefore driven to the desperate and contemptible strategy of lying about the non-partisans. It is well to knock a lie of this kind on the head early in the campaign. If anybody tells you that either Washburn or Davis is in favor of reducing school teachers' salaries you can assure him on the best of authority that he is a liar.

What Struck Patterson?

W. C. Patterson was in fighting trim the day after the Republican convention. As the non-partisan committee was turned out of the place, "the Colonel" of the Examiner caught Mr. Patterson long enough to get from him the statement that Mark Keppel, the county superintendent of schools, had programmed the school ticket which the convention adopted in the interests of the teachers. The

next morning the Examiner spread that statement across the page in big type. A friend met Patterson on his way to his bank. "When Keppel reads the Examiner today he will hunt you up," said the friend. "I hope he does," replied Patterson; "if he does the papers may have another story." Patterson stuck closer than usual to his office in the hope that Mark would appear. He did not. I am very sorry.

To follow out the golden rule
May cost a lot of labor,
'Tis harder still to hate yourself
The way you hate your neighbor.

—Judge.

One Honest Delegate.

There was one honest delegate in the Republican city convention—one at least that I knew. He was a boss for a street contracting firm. I will not print his name for it might cost him his place, and would serve no good end. He was arguing against the renomination of Werdin. "He's no good I tell you," he said to the Werdin man he was talking to. "He is dishonest in his work. He puts rotten cement in his street work." "You don't know that," was the answer. "and you should not make such charges without knowledge." "It's me that don't know it, is it?" replied the delegate. "I don't know it, eh? Well, I guess I do, for I worked on the job with him." I imagine the other delegates will not feel offended at my having alluded to this one as I did in the first sentence.

Why Allen Was Left.

Allen, a candidate for the Republican nomination for councilman from the Sixth ward, had to go down in the Butler debacle at the convention. He had the nomination in his ward assured, when Leo Youngworth rushed up to him and demanded that he turn the entire delegation over to Butler. Allen protested: he explained that he had the delegation only for himself: he did not know how they would vote and he could not deliver them to any candidate. He was told that if they did not vote solidly for Butler he would be left out. The vote was split, and Allen had all his work of weeks undone in a moment by the then chairman of the city central committee.

Del Valle's Services.

One of the gratifying features of the Democratic city convention was Del Valle's able chairmanship. When Fennessy the labor union agitator, appeared with his resolution, the situation was as good as any Orpheum turn. Fennessy is no fool in a convention whatever he may be elsewhere, but he more than met his match in Del Valle. Without in the slightest degree infringing on the rights of the speaker, Del Valle managed to turn into an amusing incident what in other hands would certainly have been the signal for an explosion that might have undone the admirable work of the convention. It was by a resort on the part of the chair to what Disraeli said was the highest art in politics—getting the best of a compromise—that Fennessy was finally satisfied with having his resolution read, and the platform was saved. If we are foolish enough to re-elect Snyder and he does not recognize Del Valle's service in a practical way, he will be an ingrate.

Ordinances and Politics.

The town is "wide open." I am told on good authority that there are five poker games running without fear of molestation, between Third and Court on Spring street. Messrs. Police Commissioners and Chief Hammel, can you tell us why? There are today more bucket shops operated in the city than there were before the ordinance was passed against them. Again there is a Why to be answered by the officials responsible. Within half a block of Spring street there are numerous saloons with side entrances wide open nightly, patronized by women and girls. Another Why suggests itself. Whose election would it effect if the laws covering these cases were enforced? It is politics that brings the law into the contempt of those who should respect it and enforce it. Chief Hammel is busy cleaning the city prison. Stand up straight, Chief, and clean the city a bit. But I'll tell you confidentially, Chief, you won't do it; i.e., I'm afraid you won't be allowed. I haven't forgotten Mayor Snyder's orders to Captain Hensley to close up certain poker rooms and wink his eye at others.

A lively old chap called the Maj,
In a poker game laid down a waj.
They thought him not keen,
But later 'twas seen
That at poker he was an old staj.

—Puck.

Summerland's Waistcoat.

Theodore Summerland! Who persuaded you to wear that red waistcoat? Your constituents do not wear waistcoats; they wear vests. Theodore, you have not got the right sort of a person to enable you to carry a waistcoat handicap. You can't train with the Mitchell-Barham-Garland sartorial set. You could wear a park with better grace than that streak of crimson. Writing of waistcoats reminds me that Billy Garland was McAleer's chief floor manager at the Republican convention. He acted as Mac's cicerone in a tour of the Fifth ward delegation, some of whom looked at McAleer askance as if they expected to see him unfurl a red flag and hurl dynamite bombs.

Characteristic.

The publication in the Outlook of New York of an article on the use of the Recall in Los Angeles, and a savage criticism of the article by the Times, revive the memory of that famous incident. The article in question is by Charles Dwight Willard whose familiarity with local conditions and wide knowledge of municipal matters especially qualify him to perform the task. Willard is by temperament and training rather a historian than a politician or partisan, and his treatment of this topic is calm, dispassionate and absolutely within the lines of exact fact and indisputable conclusion. The article rehearses the events that led up to the recall, including the city printing deal between the Times and the six councilmen—one of whom was recalled, and the others are to receive their "happy dispatch" a little later. The Times takes vigorous exception to the way Willard presents these facts, but the reader is compelled to draw a significant conclusion from the failure of that paper to quote any passage that varied an iota from the truth. Had the article contained misstatements of the sort the Times claims, it would have been easy enough for that paper to have used some portion of the column and a half which it de-

voted to the matter in quoting the erroneous paragraphs. But it was altogether too cunning—as the editor thought—to do anything of the kind. I have observed the Times's method of argumentation for a number of years, and I find by careful analysis that it consists almost invariably of the following component parts on a scale of ten for total:

Misstatement of the opponent's case.....	2
Personal abuse of opponent.....	4
Self laudation	2
Effort to be funny or smart.....	1
General spleen at all the world.....	1

Suppose, for example, we were to take the proposition set forth by Euclid that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Here would be the Times's treatment of the matter:

"One Euclid, an anarchistic associate of Fennesy and Jimgrey, is splitting the atmosphere with yawps against the Times—that noble engine of public weal, edited by the greatest warrior of this or any other era. His latest effort at fooling the poor, half-baked populace is embodied in the amazing statement that the crookedest line between any two points is from a saloon to a gambling joint. Any idiot knows that isn't true. At least we know it well enough. Old Euclid had better take a tumble to himself and leave town as we ordered him to do six years ago. Huh!"

It all sounds familiar, does it not? The question now under discussion in this community is whether the Outlook is to be placed on the Times's boycott list, along with every other publication that ventures to circulate hereabouts and with several hundred of the best citizens of Los Angeles.

"What does it cost to run an army like this?" asked the inquisitive war correspondent.

"How do I know?" said General Skedaddliski, frowning. "Why don't you ask the little devils that have been running us?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Ruef's Idle Dream.

You can hear some wierd poliical stories in that matchless rumor factory, San Francisco. For instance, the other day a San Francisco politician who ordinarily knows what he is talking about, said to me: "You fellows down south can talk about Flint and Oxnard for United States Senator, and we up north can 'mention' George Knight, but the fact of the matter is that Abe Ruef is going to be United States Senator. He's got everything behind him in San Francisco and is reaching out into the country. And let me tell you, my boy, that Abe is a sure enough reacher. You fellows can get blue in the face arguing for a southern senator but Abe will have the goods." Later I met that astute political observer, Thomas Garrett. "These fellows are crazy," he said. "Maybe Abe Ruef will get six or seven votes, but that won't elect him. Silly," concluded the ex-Bishop of Broadway. In San Francisco, the trend of opinion generally is toward Flint. Flint has been glad-handing, an accomplishment of which he is pastmaster. The boodle-wise politicians are not for Oxnard. "He won't loosen" is the trite explanation most frequently given. They expected Mr. Oxnard to buy the senatorship. He is not that kind.

Ruef a Reacher.

Yes, Ruef is surely a "reacher" in the tale told by Sam Leake to the grand jury in San Francisco is true. I wouldn't like to vouch for anything Sam

Leake ever said under oath or on his "word of honor," but here is his story of graft telling how he (Leake) was frozen out of a good thing in the Baldwin theater deal and how Ruef forced himself in:

Charles Leonhardt originated the idea of starting a cheap theater in the building known as the Baldwin annex. Leake was taken in because he had influence with E. J. Baldwin, owner of the property. Last spring Leake went to Los Angeles, talked with Baldwin and got a contract for a three-years' lease at \$2500 a month. Everything looked lovely, but the promoters met with unexpected opposition from the Board of Public Works. That body refused to grant a theater permit until expensive alterations had been made. For some time there was a deadlock. The rent was going on, and the best Leake could do was to induce Baldwin to take \$1000 less a month until terms could be made with the Board of Works. Finally Leake, who knows something of the ways of thrifty politicians, advised W. Z. Tiffany, manager of the venture, to call on Abe Ruef and make him an offer. Tiffany took Leake's advice, and reported back that Ruef demanded 50 per cent of the stock. This disarranged the plans of Leonhardt, Tiffany and Leake, who had intended to divide the whole 2000 shares of the corporation equally among themselves. Ruef finally compromised on 45 per cent, but insisted that Leake should have nothing to do with running the show house. Marcus Blum, who is messenger in the office of Mayor Schmitz, also wanted some stock, and it was not deemed advisable to overlook him. When the stock was allotted Ruef got 798 shares, Blum 100, Leonhardt 438, Leake 179 and the rest went to Tiffany and two of his relatives, John F. Merrill and John Sroufe. Necessary alterations were made in the building, the theater was opened and Leake got out by selling his stock for \$10 a share. In the opinion of Leake neither Ruef nor Blum paid anything for their stock, although each had to meet assessments for improvements.

Tiffany, when before the grand jury, testified that he did not go near Ruef until after the Board of Public Works had held up the permit. He added that Ruef had paid in \$6 a share on his stock. Incidentally, a little arithmetic will show that Ruef had his eye to the main chance. Admitting that he paid \$6 a share, which is not at all certain, it cost him \$4,788. Out of this he got back \$500 as salary as legal adviser and \$33.40 for drawing up necessary legal papers. This makes the net cost of his stock less than \$5.50 a share. After the first two months of business the theater paid dividends amounting to \$2,000, and has since paid \$1,000 additional. Just how much went into the sinking fund is not known. Ruef's share of these dividends would be \$1200. When Leake sold out the stock was worth \$10 a share. Its present value is not known, but it undoubtedly is worth twice that amount.

Nice man, Ruef, to go to the United States Senate! The University of California which educated him, and the Republican party which harbors him, and the Schmitz-Labor machine which is ruled by him, ought collectively and individually to be proud of him and point to him as an example of a "successful man"—a beacon light for aspiring youth.

Organization Runs Daffy.

Speaking of the Schmitz-Labor regime in San Francisco, reminds me of a communication solemnly published by the Bulletin one evening of last week, duly signed by T. I. O'Brien as chairman of the Executive Committee, Poultry Dealers' Association and approved by H. George, President Citizens' Alliance. I will quote one paragraph only:

Editor Bulletin—Dear Sir: In the labor column of your paper you report that a committee from the Chicken Pickers' Union met a committee from the Poultry Dealers' Association and agreed on terms of settlement.

This statement is misleading. The Chicken Pickers' Union may have appointed a committee, but the Poultry Dealers did not nor did they individually sign any agreement.

Oh Lord! The Chicken Pickers' Union! I went further and learned that there is a Fish Cleaners' Union in the union-infested city of San Francisco. The chicken pickers, understand, are the men who work in the poultry shops and strip feathers from the carcasses of chickens and poultry and game generally; the membership of the fish cleaners' union is constituted in accordance with the name of the union. Imagine machinists, molders, pattern makers, printers, recognizing chicken picking and fish cleaning as trades. It took the writer of this article several years to master the intricacies of the basket maker's trade and he is not willing to admit that a chicken picker or a fish cleaner is a craftsman. Surely, there is something in this absurd spectacle of unionism run daffy, to soften the temper and mellow the grimness and excite the risibility of even so staunch a union hater as Harrison Gray Otis. The Chicken Pickers' Union! The Fish Cleaners' Union! Oh Lord!

Fiesta Still Lags.

Less than two weeks remains before the time limit for the Fiesta guarantee fund is up, and only a small proportion of the required amount has yet been subscribed. I would suggest to Mr. Zeehandelaar that three citizens—if they are the right ones—can do more in raising the guarantee fund than three thousand letters. If within the next week or so Jonathan S. Slauson and two more of his ilk can be persuaded to pass round the hat and move the stony hearts of property owners, the money will be raised. Everyone realizes that the Fiestas have been splendid investments and it will be a thousand pities if Los Angeles lets slip this opportunity of perpetuating her unique fame, for if the present movement fails, I doubt if the Merchants and Manufacturers Association will ever have the heart to try it again.

Kinney's Utter Rout.

Abbot Kinney's futile plot to stab A. H. Naftzger, the late president of the California Fruit Agency, is still fresh in the memory. It will be remembered that Kinney thought he saw an opportunity to tear down the character of some of the strongest men connected with the orange industry, and he made an attempt to take advantage of the demoralized market conditions brought about by freezing weather in the East and an over-supply of fruit at this end. With the failure of his miserable attacks upon Naftzger, Kinney saw all his newspaper and political ambitions fall to pieces. Instead of a big standing among the fruit growers, he has earned their bitter contempt, and the only commercial advertising which he has secured as a result of all his unholy notoriety came from the one lone commission firm of Ruhlman, New York, who were all along suspected of being in partnership with Kinney's efforts to wreck the fruit industry for their own advancement. A humorous ending has occurred to the whole affair. The Ruhlman firm, as backers of Kinney, expected to secure the business patronage of the new orange growers exchange which Kinney was trying to form, and which vanished into thin air when Kinney's fight against Naftzger failed.

Recently, the attempt of Kinney to deliver the business patronage of the Lamanda Growers' Association to Commissionman Ruhlman was turned down by Kinney's fellow directors, because they were afraid of the close relationship between the Gum Shoe Statesman and the Commission firm. In former days, before the business came under new management by the death of the founders, the house of Ruhlman was much respected in this state. In the game of fruit politics, it seems that Kinney could not deliver his own precinct.

Mary sat upon a tack,
It caused no perturbation,
For some of her was genuine,
But most was imitation.

—Oil City Blizzard.

California Club's Move.

The California Club will be in its handsome and commodious new home at Sixth and Hill streets before the end of the month. In the meantime, the restaurant at the old quarters in the Wilcox building, will be closed after tonight, and the Club's old home will be closed after the election returns are all in next Tuesday evening. Members who have inspected the new premises express themselves as delighted with the accommodations. The handsome building, facing Central Park, is of five stories, one entire floor being devoted to the comfort and convenience of the fair sex. A "Woman's Annex" is a comparatively novel feature of men's clubs and is frowned upon by the old school, but at the California Club it has proved one of the most successful and popular features of the institution. The present remarkable prosperity of the club—it has 650 members—and its splendid new home are largely due to the tireless energy of the present board of directors, Walter S. Newhall, president; I. B. Newton, vice-president; Frank S. Hicks, secretary, and H. R. Boynton and Fred A. Walton.

Two well-known men about town were discussing a new club-house which had recently been built at great cost. One of the men had just been inspecting the new building.

"What style did you say it was decorated in?" asked the other.

The man who had seen the interior reflected a moment. "I think it was either Late Pullman or Early North German Lloyd," he replied.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Jonathan Club's Boom.

The Jonathan Club expects to get into its palatial new quarters at the top of the Huntington building by January 1. The membership, I am told, has reached the limit of 700, and at one time lately there were no less than forty-seven applications. H. E. Huntington was somewhat chagrined at the California Club's refusal of his princely offer, although, it seems to me, the club had good reason in preferring a home of its very own. Mr. Huntington has been lavish in his expenditure on the club's new quarters and undoubtedly the Jonathan's new home will be one of the show places of the city, indeed, of the whole Pacific Coast. As a sample of the generosity of Mr. Huntington's preparations the decorations in the assembly room cost, I'm told, no less than \$3000. And the members are doing their share. Already a fund of \$85,000 has been raised for furnishing. The roof garden, from which a splendid view of the city and surrounding country is obtained, will be one of the club's most attractive features. H. E. Huntington and his son, Howard, will have

rooms at the Jonathan, and among others who have engaged quarters there are Mgr. Schindler of the Pacific Electric Railway, and Finlay Shepard, superintendent of the Santa Fe.

Travelers' Tales.

The Inside Inn at the St. Louis Fair has exhausted almost all the expletives known to travelers' tongues, but I heard a few new ones from the elusive lips of Charles H. McFarland the other day concerning William Waldorf Astor's new plaything, the St. Regis Hotel of New York. For the present purpose Mr. McFarland's version is expurgated. "Yes," says he, "I saw the outside and a little of the inside of the St. Regis. A napkin and a toothpick there cost me \$7.50 and I thought I would get my money's worth by looking over the place. I stepped proudly to the elevator but the splendid individual in command asked me if I had my card. I tendered him a visiting card. He scoffed at it and directed me to one of the desk clerks. The latter potentate explained that the card would cost me \$37.50—the price of one day's board and lodging at the St. Regis. Then it was my turn to scoff at his card and I hiked for home by the next overland."

Express's City Editor.

Shirley Osborne, I am told, is soon to retire from the city editorship of the Express. This intention is solely due to Mr. Osborne's finding that the work is telling on his health, and further to the fact that several business enterprises in which he has engaged offer him freedom from the nerve wracking cares that are the lot of a news handler. If the report proves true Sam Clover will find it difficult to replace Mr. Osborne.

Harrington Brown's "Straight Cut."

Harrington Brown, much to his own surprise but due to the machinations of "Tossie" Wright, the Mayor's faithful and efficient secretary, found himself last Saturday a delegate from the Fifth Ward to the Democratic city convention. Mr. Brown took a party of his friends over to the Palace for lunch and regaled them with royal hospitality. With the postprandial coffee the host suggested liqueurs and each guest selected his own cordial. When the waiter came to Mr. Brown, the latter ordered a

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"Straight-Cut." The Teutonic Ganymede looked puzzled but returned with all the orders save Mr. Brown's. Then he commenced to dress Mr. Brown's place at the table and prepare it for another meal. That done, he summoned up courage to ask the host to repeat his order. Mr. Brown did so, saying: "Just a Straight-Cut." The waiter still looked puzzled and Mr. Brown explanationed. "Oh," said the waiter, "I thought it was some kind of a steak." For the benefit of the uninitiated—I did not know it myself until Johnnie Wray explained—a "Straight Cut" is a small glass of beer. Apparently it is well to be initiated, for I understand Harrington Brown's "Straight-Cut" has since cost him many good dollars.

Los Angeles Railway English.

An even more atrocious mutilation of the English language than the examples I quoted last week is brought to my notice by W. C. Patterson, president of the Los Angeles National Bank. "This," says he, "is a copy of the warning found in the cars of the Los Angeles Street Railway. It shocked my sensibilities this morning as it had done on many previous occasions."

Passengers are forbidden getting on or off while car is in motion, or standing on steps of the car.

Now, Howard Huntington, the general manager of the Los Angeles Railway, is a graduate of Harvard, and for the reputation of his alma mater, if not for his own, he should order a correction. Personally, I have no desire to "get on or off" while car is standing on its own steps.

The battle is on,
Some one must win.
If Oyama can't,
Kuropatkin.

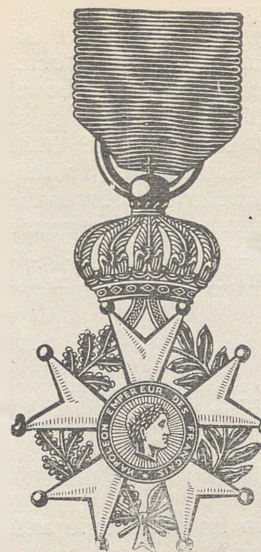
—Oil City Blizzard.

The Corral Banquet.

Los Angeles has not seen in a long time so elegant a banquet as that given Thursday at the Angelus in honor of Vice-President Ramon Corral of Mexico. There always is a distinctive style about the Angelus affairs, but the Loomis Brothers more than sustained their reputation in this case, while the appointments of the banquet room were handsome in every detail. The combination of United States and Mexican national colors was a notable feature and implied the courtesy which all were anxious to extend to Corral and his country. By the way, I see that Senator William M. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart of Nevada, have been guests at the Angelus this week.

Catholic Energies.

The Catholic Fair at Turnverein Hall this week, conducted in the interest of St. Patrick's Church and the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, has been a pronounced success. The pastors, Fathers O'Reilly and Murphy, have had general supervision of the affair, and Bishop Conaty has smiled approvingly



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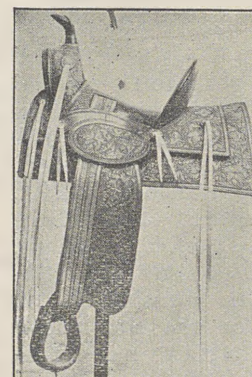
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Sports

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upon the efforts of the two popular young priests to raise money for the new churches. At the first evening's entertainment Racine's Esther was given by Miss Virginia Calhoun and M. Fusenot, the young woman earning the commendation of Mme. Modjeska for her excellent work. Speaking of Catholic affairs reminds me, too, that this week the Convent of the Good Shepherd has been moved into the old Childs' place at the corner of Eleventh and Main streets, the property having been rented from H. E. Huntington as a temporary home for the institution, which has grown so rapidly in the few

months of its existence that the house on South Grand avenue is now entirely inadequate. It is notable that Mrs. Emeline Childs is to see her former home turned to use for an object in which she is deeply interested. Mrs. Childs was elected recently president of an auxiliary to the Good Shepherd, and she and other prominent women are giving what aid they can towards the good cause. The object is to protect and uplift unfortunate women, and the movement meets the approval of philanthropists throughout the city. The Good Shepherd was organized under the direction of Bishop Conaty, and its business is managed according to his clear cut ideas. I hear that two more sisters of mercy have just come on from St. Louis to help in the work, which has grown to such large proportions. Next year the Good Shepherd will have its own home out on Pico Heights.

Bishop Conaty's Accent.

I attended the soiree of L'Alliance Francaise on Tuesday evening at Frece hall, and as a Sunsetter was proud of Bishop Conaty. The Bishop was down for an address, which I expected would be given in his faultless English, but no! the sonorous sentences rolled from his lips in good academic French. It is true there was no taint of the boulevards about his accent, there was no clipping of terminations, or slurring of consonants that marks the ultra fashionable pronunciation. It was all eminently correct, staid French, and it clothed ideas that were Gallic in brightness and grace, but none the less meaty.

Mrs. Newiriend—Did you make any *gaucheries*?

Mrs. Newrich—No, Hiram made the hull pile in pork.—
New York Sun.

Earl Rogers's Reading.

Whatever may be thought of the sentence imposed on Miss Grossmeyer, I am of the opinion that Earl Rogers struck a high plane of sentiment and poetry combined in the peroration of his address, in which he imaged the day closing on a woman's life when the curtain fell on her good name. The base of his plea reminded me strongly of Jeannie Dean's pleas to the Queen for her sister Effie in the "Heart of Midlothian." I asked Rogers if he had not got the idea from Scott's tender lines. "No," he replied, "the fact is I never read the book." My dear Earl, while you may justly feel complimented as having reminded a listener by your words of the greatest Scott of Scots, it seems hardly credible that you have neglected to acquaint yourself with his books. You should live up to your looks at least, for you have the appearance of a man who knows himself in books other than court reports.

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Rod in Pickle for Werdin.

I can assure Mr. Werdin that he won't be able to get the Friday Morning Club vote. The ladies of that club are ready to fire a tremendous volley of disapproval both at him and at the Republican convention. Mr. Werdin may affect to discredit the influence of the club, but he does not know as much about that question as many of the husbands of the members do. Which reminds me that that excellent lady, Dr. Elizabeth Follansbee, was one of Werdin's ablest champions two years ago. I wonder what the good doctor thinks of her patient now.

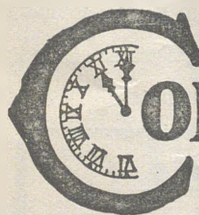
"The difference between the sexes is discretion," said the professor.

"Oh, dear no!" expostulated the woman of the world; "you mean 'indifference.'"—*Town Topics.*

Clubwomen's Practical Work.

I wish to call especial notice to the thoughtful and practical article contributed this week by Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori as the fifth paper in the series on the "Scope and Purpose of Women's Clubs." Madame Severance, the Mother of Women's Clubs, and the presidents of the three leading clubs in Los Angeles, Mrs. Roy Jones of the Friday Morning, Mrs. Frank W. King of the Ebell, and Mrs. W. H. Housh of the Ruskin Art, have explained to **Graphic** readers the high ideals that inspire these organizations and have given the uninitiated a glimpse of the earnest purpose of their work. Mrs. Sartori shows that the present merciful and wise method of dealing with juvenile offenders—who has the heart to call them criminals?—is due to the initiative of clubwomen and that the practical operation of the law is being maintained by their unselfish labors. It is a noble work and of the most vital importance to the state and nation. It is also a striking tribute to the power of women when they once make up their minds to do something. Plenty of fields still lie fallow—many of them choked with weeds—waiting for women's work. And we know that women can plough a straight furrow when they once set their hands to the plough. There is a great awakening among clubwomen to accomplish practical work and a realization that true self-culture is only attained by working for others.

Look in the glass, dear Jess, and see
The only woman loved by me;
When I look in it let me view
The only man who's loved by you.



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"I certainly did, boss."

"But don't you know it was wrong to pass it?"

"I didn't 'zactly pass it, boss; you see, I was passin' 'round

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Scope and Purpose of Women's Clubs

V.

by Mrs. J. F. Sartori

The popular idea of a Woman's Club is that it may be classified under one of two heads. Accordingly it is frequently represented either as refreshing its intellectual cravings each week by Gargantuan draughts of the encyclopedia, or as having its moral and spiritual nature aroused, forming itself into committees, which sally forth each day like mediaeval knights, sworn to redress the wrongs of all the earth, and boldly challenging the universe.

And the popular conception is a sound one in some particulars, insofar as women's clubs have as their avowed aim either culture or the practical activities that make for Good Homes, Good Citizenship, Good Government. Most clubs try to attain both these aims, however, and in so doing have discovered their special calling—their appointed task.

True, they have found that there are other fountains of learning whose waters must of necessity be deeper and purer. They have found also that no one organization, no matter how well constructed its machinery, or how all wise its members, or how noble its motives, can hope to take up successively each of the thousand and one ills that assail the body politic and, making a brief diagnosis work a cure by turning it over to some committee. But learning all this, they have no reason to despair of aiding the cause either of Culture or of Good Works. For they have learned that the club may be the ideal forum where all subjects of public advancement and public welfare may and should be discussed without bias and without prejudice.

The very weakness of the club is its strength. Bound by no creeds, religious or political, by no clientele or business interests, its goddess should be Justice, Fairness and its motto Catholicity. It may safely claim to be in its own little sphere a moulder of opinion. Its work is suggestive. It is the husbandman who goes forth to sow, and although the seed may sometimes fall on stony ground, it often brings forth a hundred, a thousand fold.

The most striking illustration of what women's clubs may accomplish in this way is that furnished by what is known as the Juvenile Court.

The Juvenile Court law of Illinois was the first complete measure of its sort in any State. It was largely through the influence of the women's clubs of the state that the law was framed and passed. This was in 1899. In April, 1903, our own legislature passed a similar bill. Here again it was through the united effort of the women's clubs of the state that the law was passed.

The chief provisions of this law may be broadly stated as follows:

First—That no child under the age of twelve shall be confined under the same roof or within the same inclosure with adult prisoners, and that all children shall be kept separate from such prisoners.

Second—That the hearing of children under the age of sixteen shall be before a Judge of the Superior Court, at a special session of the Court held for such cases, and that no child shall be placed in the dock with adult criminals.

Third—That a system of conditional release be established by the appointment of Probation officers.

The intent of the law is first, to remove as far as possible the inevitable stigma of the jail. Under the old law for the most trivial offence the child must be sent to jail, pending trial. Aside from the actual lessons of evil learned, consider the shock to the child's moral nature. At the most impressionable time in his whole life he quickly learns to identify himself with those who believe that every man's hand is against him, and his hand is against every man. The chances are the boy will conclude that he is a criminal and, all his pride and all his ambition perverted, will be made to seek to learn to be a hero in his class. It is almost equally important that those coming before the court be detained long enough beforehand to give the probation officer an opportunity to learn something of their history, in order that the court may be properly prepared to act upon each case. To meet these needs the law requires that a Detention Home shall be provided, where the child may be kept pending trial and after trial until suitable provision is made elsewhere.

The second provision of the law, ordering that the child have its hearing at a special session of the court and that it shall not be placed in the dock with adult criminals, is for the same purpose—to keep the child from the contamination resulting from such contact. By placing its future in the hands of one of the Superior Judges the law recognizes the gravity of the interests involved, to the child and therefore to the state, and places the responsibility upon those of its servants best fitted by training and character to exercise it.

But the very pivot of this new law lies in the third provision—the system of conditional release and the probation officer.

There is no doubt that an institution, no matter how well equipped, how ably conducted, is at best but a poor substitute for a home. It is the home which best fits a boy or girl for their normal place in society, and the best boy in the best institution is, after all, but an artificial product, far too likely to be found wanting when obliged to exercise his own will.

In view of this well-known fact, the system of conditional release has been adopted in some foreign countries and in a number of states of this country.

In cases where the child is not utterly incorrigible and where the home is not utterly unworthy of the name, the child is returned to the home under the charge of the probation officer. This officer is appointed by the Court, and it is his or her duty to visit that home—to inquire into its conditions—to make himself the friend of the child and of the family. Very often the trouble lies with the parents. They may be ignorant, or careless, or heartless, or hopeless. Many only need instruction, encouragement, or perhaps financial aid. With the way pointed out they may gladly follow it. Should the child continue incorrigible, it may be returned to the court at any time by the probation officer, and such other disposition made of it as the Court may order.

Gwendolen Overton's New Book

"Captains of the World."

By approaching a problem of universal interest—the conflict between Labor and Capital, Gwendolen Overton has vested her latest novel, "Captains of the World" with a dignity beyond that of ordinary fiction. The value of the book is enhanced by the fact that Miss Overton deals with this soul-vexing and body-gnawing subject in a spirit entirely free from personal prejudice, and therefore inclining to fair statement of facts and judicious opinion. While Miss Overton herself does not attempt to find a verdict, the testimony of her characters and the deductions they draw are well worth study. The entire tendency of the story is towards exposing the futility of the arrayment of the Employer against the Employee and advocating arbitration as the only bridge of the chasm between them.

"Well," says Durran, one of the ironmasters in "Captains of the World," "do you remember how a great British statesman enunciated the theory that it is sometimes necessary to make surrenders of what, if not surrendered, will be wrested from us? * * * it seems to me to be worth while for those in our position to try to advance civilization for a change, instead of continuing on with the method of frantic, outraged, insane denunciation and condemnation, which has been the not very respect-inspiring attitude of the aristocracy and plutocracy these several thousand years * * *. And, I think it presents attractions—the notion of inaugurating in our class a capacity for arguing with the labor class, and allowing ourselves to be argued with, instead of losing our heads with consternation and spluttering out invectives."

And in an earlier passage in the book, with Durran again the mouthpiece, "This, 'The State is Myself' attitude won't do. It can't be made to work, whether by the capital side or the labor one. There ought to be some method of conciliation that would do away with it and strike a happy medium. I believe there are ways, even now, without this everlasting tug and friction—at any rate in dealing with the better class of workmen. And it lies with us to make the advances, too, for the reason that we have the best of things."

The central figure of the story is Neil Manning, at first a melter in Tennant's works, then discharged because he has joined a union, and gradually developing into an important and prudent figure in the organization of labor—almost a John Mitchell. Manning has loved the steel magnate's daughter from childhood and Beatrice Tennant, after discarding an Italian prince and other lovers, genuine and fortune-hunting, finds her heart is bound to Manning. But that is the "story" of Miss Overton's book, too delightfully told to intrude upon here. Manning's final formulation of his theories how capital and labor may restore peace is given in a speech before the conference of delegates representing the two federations of employers and of labor. Here is the situation as he saw it:

Wide spreading, almost complete, organization upon the parts of both capital and labor, interests at violent opposition, which the broadest minds among modern thinkers saw to be identical in fact and not merely in soothing euphuisms—millions drawn up upon either side, conscious, articulate, organized millions of a dangerously high average intelligence, each upon the aggressive, each upon the defensive. There needed only the most superficial knowledge of the world's history

to foresee that if these methods continued, in the course of a time which could not be long as history reckons, there was but one outcome—a class war either of physical force or the ballot such as the world had never yet seen, such as should break up society and recast it in some other mold—a mold safely to be predicted more democratic yet, since the trend of events was recognized by the competent historian to be ever more and more toward democracy.

But these methods could not continue, if the natural course of democratic development were allowed to have its way, not held in check by the up-piling and jamming of blocks and fragments of the ice from a passing season of frozen conservatism. Give the stream of progress its way and no harm will result. But keep it back, and the damage would in the end change the face of the land. And was not the way taken by progress away from the savagery of conflict? Already the nations were, among themselves, so quickly turning to methods of civilization and intelligence, to the arbitration of disputes, that another hundred years would probably see the warfare which had torn the world from the beginning, a strange, dreadful, and almost incredible memory.

The arbitration of the nations had come about when armament had reached the utmost point of destructive possibility. Capital and labor were coming to, if indeed they were not already at, a similar point of organization. It was time that they should follow the spirit of the age and take the next step forward.

And apart from the ethical view of the future—if, as was taught by the advanced economist, there was an in moral forces a strenth and value constantly underrated—from the mere utilitarian standpoint, was it not bad business to allow the vast waste of strength and value which lay in these wranglings and strugglings between the wage-payer and the wage-earner? It was useless, it was unnecessary.

The spirit of the government, as such, was against centralization and paternalism and therefore the scheme of compulsory arbitration had never been able to make way here, as elsewhere. Nor had appointed, disinterested arbitration committees proved a signal success. But was not a voluntary, individual agreement for arbitration which would be compulsory, to be made possible? Under the industrial conditions as they were, no merely local, isolated discussions and settlements could avail. The stage reached was beyond that.

And then, briefly, he proposed the attempting of an arbitration board, composed of permanent, well-paid members, representatives of both sides, and of a hitherto sadly neglected public. The salaries would have to be sufficient to obtain worth, and to suit the importance of the position, and the tenure of that position long enough to give the office dignity. If submission of disputes were to be made obligatory upon all members of either federation, practically too few employers or working men remained unfederated, to be able to seriously disturb the peace of the country.

"And the man," he finished, "who is not willing to subordinate what may seem his personal interests, to the interests of his country, of the world as a whole—that man is unworthy the protection, the benefits, which the country gives him—is morally an outlaw of the world."

These extracts show sufficiently the trend of Miss Overton's argument, which is undoubtedly in the right direction and forms an important contribution in an attractive form to the most vital question of the twentieth century.

Miss Overton's purity and directness of style in former books have attracted so much praise that it is grievous to detect not a few examples of careless writing and ambiguous sentences in "Captains of the World." There are sentences that are as awkward as they are difficult, as for instance on page 18, the following: "To permit this being contrary to the definite policy, it was proposed to nip any such tendency in the bud."

R. H. C.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

Most heartily I congratulate you on the acquisition of an automobile; "a thing of joy, till the smash-up forever." What matter if it is second hand? Doubtless it will climb fences, leap bridges, attack people, trees and telegraph poles, with just as much ferocity as a new one—and you forgot, in your excitement, to tell me what became of the original owner? "Dead" long since, I suppose, and now forgotten. Talking of "Death," do you know that this erstwhile gruesome subject is quite "en regle" as the topic of the day this week? Firstly on Sunday we had Dr. Dowling of Christ Church expounding the subject, and with the usual suavity and unction of his Irish tongue, almost coaxing you to die, just to test the sensation. "To die is not nearly so painful as to have a nerve jumping in your tooth," said the clever rector, and I suppose he knows, though so far as we can see he hasn't experienced either sensation, as he is the possessor of an unquestionably good set of even white teeth and he really doesn't seem to be quite dead yet, despite Gen. Otis. But 'tis nice to know he is ready and anxious to go, and not "scared to think about it," as a pretty society girl said to me the other day.

Then we have all been hectoring our souls with a study of "Everyman," the sadsome old play through which we follow a lady from handsome colored leglets to an early grave. All these and more melancholy thoughts are inspired by your letter, anent the speed and doings of the new automobile. So now my dear, let me tell you something—if you have to die, die decently, and in the latest up-to-date costume for the auto.

Such is undoubtedly to be found at this moment at Coulter's on Broadway. There you will find first of all the most fascinating leather suit, soft as any velvet, made in fine dark brown or orange leather, lined with plaid silk. A pleated skirt and long rough-rider coat with big buttons and long brass mounted ties, quite the smartest thing I have ever seen of its kind. Then I can tell you all about how to save yourself being "blown to bits," and how you can come out of your car as neat and tidy as when you first ventured in. Coulter is selling some auto head hoods that are absolutely unique—and I should think simply indispensable for regular auto maniacs. They are made of soft silks, blue, tan, brown, or black, and with big flat crown. They form covering for the very biggest, bestest hat imaginable. Tied under the chin with an oblong isinglass slit for the eyes and a white net breathing mouth place, they keep your wildest, most becoming locks of hair entirely taut and true, and ne'er a scrap of dust or dirt can reach your pretty face. You simply must have one, and they are most inexpensive, too, be it added. Shall I send you one?

Then to come to things less severe, I must tell you about the perfectly lovely lace gowns they

have just put on new at the Boston Store. French robes of every alluring pattern you can see there. Most of them come hand-embroidered in very delicate silks on a white net mull or chine ground. One of two I specially noticed were of net with chenille embroidered flower patterns, in Parsifal blue, gold and silver. A delicious thing in fine net with Honiton lace flounces was embroidered by hand in tiny upstanding roses of pink mull.

The spangled gowns are still, and will be through the whole winter season, all the rage. One in this Boston store is well worth description. Black silk, net ground, covered with blue, gray, green, opalescent spangles: such a fetching dream of a gown this would be—over silken taffeta and chiffon.

And now to tell you where you can buy a stunning dress—an everyday suit you say. Well, I must steer you to Blackstone's. There you can find ready-made suits at all prices and of all kinds—and not a shoddy, loud or vulgar one amongst them. Of course the prettiest, the nicest, are the ones we would rather have, and they have some very distingue suits in this store. I saw a dark bottle-green one with big gold buttons, a coaching coat and smart Oriental trimmed collar and cuffs. These long, 45-inch backed coats are most effective and extreme, and in nearly every case—suit case—there comes a brilliant little vest—gold, Oriental, embroidered, onion, orange or bright green: fastened of course into this up-to-date costume. Very bright colors, in vest, collars and cuffs, with the garment of more sombre yellows, browns and blues in fine broadcloth, seem to be absolutely the latest thing in all of these fall suits.

One beautiful suit in Blackstone's attracted me—dark brown heather tweed, with braidings of brown silk and the cunningest little gold buttons holding the ornamentations in place; blouse back and belted front, Oriental vest and collars and cuffs. It was the most ladylike, quiet but chic costume I have seen in an age. Well, my dear, fare thee well and abjure the scorching habit.

Yours as Everyman,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., November third.

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New combination garments that do away with disfiguring and uncomfortable bands, prevent "working up" and pulling apart. Corset cover and drawers combined.

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Over The Teacups

Carrying out a recent prediction of the *Graphic*, an eastern paper has announced the engagement of Fowler Shankland, and the "snare of the fowler" is an established fact. Mr. Shankland is to marry Miss Isabel Davenport of New Brighton, Staten Island. She is a girl of charming personality, and a belle of Brighton society. Tall, and of good figure, Miss Davenport makes an attractive and stylish appearance. She was extensively entertained when in Los Angeles last season, and it is not a matter for great surprise that she has captured the heart of a Los Angeles man.

Just here, it is interesting to note, by the way, that Miss Davenport is one of three Staten Island girls who have captured matrimonial prizes in the local market recently. In years gone by, Isabel Davenport, Ellen Johnson and Viola Winter, were school girls together at Staten Island. They were buds of the same season, and each made conquests enough to satisfy the heart of the average debutante. Of course we all remember that Viola Winter married Fielding Stilson of Los Angeles, and it will be recalled that the engagement of Miss Johnson to Curtis Williams has been announced. Miss Johnson, a girl of smart, clear cut ideas and a most amiable personality, came here with her mother, last winter, and a little later her friend, Miss Davenport arrived to be her guest. The three friends, Mrs. Stilson, Miss Johnson and Miss Davenport, enjoyed many pleasant hours together in the course of the season and were entertained at a large number of affairs arranged for them. No date has been set for the Shankland-Davenport marriage, but I have learned that the event will not be far distant. Fowler Shankland is a brother of Mrs. Jefferson Chandler, formerly Miss Elizabeth Shankland, whose marriage took place a few months ago. He is a bright fellow and a favorite in local society.

Alice Groff, the youngest of Judge Groff's pretty daughters, who tried a brief experience on the stage and is now devoted to domesticity, has been having a troublous time lately. Innumerable friends have been agitating her telephone asking about this play of hers entitled "Freedom," a rather bold dissection of the marriage problem, which has been severely scored by critics. Of course Miss Groff has nothing to do with the play which was published in Boston. Apparently there are two Alice Groffs in the world, and the other is evidently by no means the pleasant person that the ex-postmaster's daughter is.

Arthur Clark, the amiable and able editor of the *Examiner*, and his charming wife have the most sincere sympathy of their friends. Mrs. Clark has endured this week a trying surgical operation. It will be good news to their many friends to learn that at this writing Mrs. Clark was convalescing rapidly. Rarely has it been the fortune of new comers to Los Angeles to make such a large circle of devoted friends as have Mr. and Mrs. Clark, a fact that is due to their many endearing personal qualities.

Pearl Seeley has been the center of several en-

tertainments in San Francisco. Last week Miss Ethel Wallace gave a telephone tea in her honor at the family residence on Gough street. Miss Seeley has been visiting Miss Jessie Fillmore.

Those who attended the reception given early this week by Mrs. Jane Field, at her Pasadena avenue bungalow, will have a pleasant memory of the Brooklyn club woman's gracious hospitality, extended upon the eve of her departure for the East. Mrs. Field will make only a short stay in New York and Brooklyn, for she expects to be much in Southern California, now that she has founded a home here. Mrs. Field entertained for Ben Greet, the distinguished English scholar and actor. Mrs. Field's presence in the East is much desired just now by the clubs with which she is identified, for the season is nearing its height, and she is greatly missed. It will be remembered that she is president of the Twentieth Century Club, and also of an organization which bears her name.

With the thought always before its members that the Marie Louise Society was so named in loving memory of a beautiful and unselfish little girl, it is not possible to think of anything other than kind deeds from the organization, but when this band of children undertakes to raise \$350 for the endowment of a hospital bed, depending only upon their own efforts, there must be joy at the beauty and strength of their faith. This is what the Marie Louise Society has determined to do. For a year the members, all children from the West Adams Street district, have been busily engaged in preparing articles for a bazaar, which will be given from 2 to 5, tomorrow, (Saturday) afternoon, at the Walter B. Cline home, at the northeast corner of Figueroa and Adams streets. The little people have been working under direction of Mrs. Cline, Mrs. Arthur F. Morlan and Mrs. Frank Burnett. The endowment of the proposed bed at the Children's Hospital will cost them \$250, and it will require \$100 for the furnishing of the room. I predict a grand success for the efforts of the children, for their generous effort has already appealed to the hearts of their grown-up friends, and they will, no doubt enjoy generous patronage.

It is being uttered in an awed whisper by some, and told with exclamation points by others, that the *Times* will publish nothing about the old English fair to be given next week in the interest of Christ Church. Nobody dreamed, it is said, that the con-

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troversty between "The General," and Dr. George Thomas Dowling, rector of the church, had been instrumental in placing the Women's Guild, and, maybe the whole eight hundred members, on the Times's black list, but so it seems, for I have it on good authority that copy bearing upon the approaching fair was summarily relegated to the waste basket, and an edict issued in the office that there was no space in the paper for such matter. Cousin Betsy and I were in one corner of the guild hall at Christ church, sewing things for the bazaar, and the other women were plying their needles with a will, when some one came and announced the news. There was a silence that spoke louder than words for several seconds, and then the storm broke. I never could tell you what anybody in particular said, were I to try, for the guild talked mostly in concert, but finally there were one or two solos, in which the condensed feeling of the women was voiced.

Judging from preparations now going forward there is no doubt as to the success of the fair, and if I mistake not Mrs. Telfair Creighton will be in charge of the best drawing card of the event. She is to conduct an exhibit of "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," and I hear the automatic figures will include some of the best known young men and women of Los Angeles. Mrs. Creighton has a sense of humor possessed by few women, and if she is not able to improve on the idea of the immortal Dickens, I shall be disappointed.

Mrs. Mitchell is busy from morning until night promoting plans for the fair, and in her efforts she is ably seconded by Mrs. Rufus Herron, president of the guild of Christ church. Speaking of Mrs. Herron, by the way, reminds me that the stork recently paid a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Herron, and left a little daughter who has quite turned the heads of its parents and grand parents as well. It will be remembered that Mrs. Herron, Jr., formerly was Julia Mercereau. Her marriage to Irwin Herron, a few seasons ago, was a fashionable event, attended by a large company, and took place in Immanuel church, the appointments being handsome in every detail. As a girl, Miss Mercereau was considered one of the most graceful dancers in Southern California, and she and her sister, Clara, were favorites with a large circle. The latter still is Miss Mercereau, and a charming girl.

ANASTASIA.

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Where Are They?

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox is in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Variel are "at home" at 1236 Arapahoe street.

Mrs. Ivar A. Weid of 815 W. Ninth street has returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Bartlett have moved to 2400 West Adams street.

Mrs. A. M. Babcock of 1219 W. Adams street has returned from Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ainsworth of Redlands have returned from the east.

Mrs. David Cunningham, 627 W. Eighteenth street, is in Covington, Ky.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones have returned from the East.

Mrs. O. H. Churchill and daughters, Marion and Gertrude, are in Baltimore.

Mrs. Grant Goucher of 1237 Magnolia avenue returned this week from the east.

Mrs. Morris Albee of 1229 W. Twenty-third street has returned from St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bayly are in New York. They are expected home November 20.

Miss Zora Weaver has returned to 950 S. Hope street, after spending several months in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stewart have returned from their wedding trip and are at Alhambra.

Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance and the Misses Harriet and Marjorie Severance are in St. Louis.

The Misses Lynette and Margaret Cole, of Kansas City, are guests of Mrs. Frank W. Burnett.

Mrs. Oliver P. Posey and Mr. and Mrs. John Posey are at the Waldorf, New York, this week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Oakley of 2646 Hoover street have returned from four months' travel in the East.

Count Bozenta and Madame Modjeska have been the guests this week of Dr. and Mrs. William McCoy.

J. A. Morlan, accompanied by his daughters, Mrs. Jones and Miss Morlan, left for St. Louis this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gordon of West Thirty-eighth street are entertaining Capt. McIntyre Carter and family.

Miss Florence L. Waters, daughter of ex-Congressman R. J. Waters, of 900 W. Adams street, has returned home.

Mrs. B. J. Donohue of 928 Denver avenue is entertaining her cousin, Mrs. Charles Schaffer of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Baker and Mrs. Ella B. Baker of 2432 Figueroa street, have returned from Des Moines, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. D. Turner of 758 W. Adams street, are entertaining Miss Ethel Barton Hawker of Colorado Springs.

Mrs. C. A. Canfield of 803 S. Alvarado street is entertaining the Misses Elva and Jennie Westcott of Grand Island, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Barber, formerly of 2404 Michigan avenue, have moved into their new house in North Pasadena.

The Right Rev. Bishop J. H. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson returned to Los Angeles this week and are residing at 2317 Figueroa street.

Miss Susie Patton is visiting friends in San Francisco. The date of her marriage to Dr. Le Moyne Wills has not yet been announced.

Mrs. Lyman A. Craig has returned from San Francisco and is entertaining Mrs. Roger Morgan and Miss Beatrice Morgan of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Strong Dunsmoor have returned to 829 Lake street. Mrs. Dunsmoor will be at home the second and third Tuesdays of the month.

Major and Mrs. John B. Kerr, who have been staying with Major and Mrs. John H. Norton at 834 W. Twenty-sixth street, have gone to Governor's Island, where Major Kerr is stationed.

Mrs. W. D. Longyear will remain with relatives in Kalamazoo, Mich., until after the holidays. Mr. Longyear has returned to Los Angeles and is again at his post in the Security Savings Bank.

Major Ben C. Truman and wife and Miss Truman, who have been spending a few days at the St. Francis, are now at the Del Monte. Since August the Major and his family have been sojourning most of the time in the Sierras near the Yosemite Valley, Wawona and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees.

Receptions, Etc.

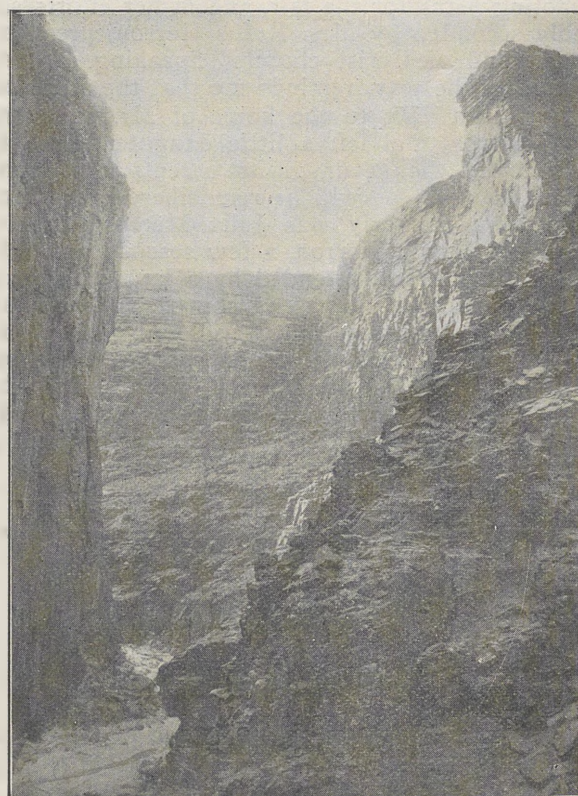
October 29—Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wachtel, 2814 Sichel street.
 October 29—Mrs. E. B. Smith, 934 W. Thirtieth street; Hallowe'en party.
 October 29—Mrs. Frank W. King, 903 Westlake avenue; children's Hallowe'en dinner.
 October 29—Mrs. M. J. Connell, 2307 Figueroa street; dinner for Miss Edwinna Hammond of San Francisco.
 October 29—Miss Clara Carpenter; tea at Country Club for Miss Edwinna Hammond of San Francisco.
 October 31—Miss Mollie Adelia Brown; luncheon for Miss Lora Hubbell at the Angelus.
 October 31—Mrs. Walter S. Newhall; Hallowe'en party.
 October 31—Poinsettia Club; Hallowe'en party at St. Joseph's Hall.
 October 31—Mrs. E. A. Forrester, Santa Monica; luncheon for Mrs. J. W. Campbell.
 October 31—Mr. and Mrs. William Calderwood; theater party at Orpheum.
 October 31—Mrs. O. H. Burbridge, 2080 W. Adams street;
 October 31—Miss Velma Clements, 849 S. Hope street; masquerade ball.
 October 31—Mrs. G. Alexander Bobrick, 923 S. Burling-ton avenue; Hallowe'en party.
 October 31—Ocean Park Country Club. Children's party.
 November 1—Mrs. Mary J. Field, Pasadena avenue. For Ben Greet.
 November 1—Woman's Press Club. Luncheon at Christopher's.
 November 1—Mrs. Ira W. Phelps, 1542 Ingraham street; for Eschsoltzia Chapter, D. A. R.
 November 1—Southern Club; at home at Woman's Club House.
 November 1—Mrs. Una Nixon Hopkins, S. Orange Grove avenue; tea for Mrs. Ida M. Strowbridge.
 November 2—Dinner for William P. Jeffries at Westminster Hotel.
 November 2—Miss Bird McLain, 446 N. Grand avenue; card party for Miss Zaidee Hartwell.
 November 2—Mrs. Orville O. Edwards, 2619 Romeo street.
 November 2—Mrs. Norman Abrams of Pasadena; for Aloha
 November 3—South Gate Lodge, Eastern Star; dance at Hallowe'en party.
 November 3—Kramer's.
 November 3—Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and Miss Annis Van Nuys; dinner for Miss Lora Hubbell.
 November 3—Miss Margaret Quinn, 342 Westlake avenue; for Miss Clark.
 November 4—Miss Lena Reed, 1418 Malvern avenue; card party for Miss Zaidee Hartwell.
 November 4—Mrs. George J. Denis; at home.
 November 4—California Badger Club; concert at Chickering Hall.
 November 4—Miss Margaret Quinn, 342 Westlake avenue; card party.

Anastasia's Date Book

November 5—Miss Jessie Early of Pasadena; card party for Miss Zaidee Hartwell.
 November 5—Miss Bess Millar; theater party for Miss Lora Hubbell.
 November 5—Marie Louise Society; charity lawn fete at residence of Mrs. Walter B. Cline, corner of Adams and Figueroa streets.
 November 8—Mrs. A. S. Ingalls, 1317 Georgia street; for Butterfly Whist Club.
 November 9—Miss Frances Lawton, 1037 Lincoln street; for Harmony Whist Club.
 November 9—Los Angeles Hive, No. 1, L. O. T. M.; dance at Burbank Hall.
 November 12—Mrs. E. G. Howard of 1605 Santee street; card party for Mrs. Lewis C. Carlisle.
 November 12—English Country Fair at Lomita, residence of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell.
 November 15, 16, 17—St. John's Church Bazaar.
 November 17—California Congress of Mothers and Child Study Circles at Woman's Club House.
 November 23—Company F. N. G. C., Ladies' Auxiliary; Leap Year ball at Armory Hall.
 November 23—Knights of Columbus; reception and dance at Kramer's.
 November 29—B'nai B'rith Lodge; dance at Kramer's.
ENGAGEMENTS
 Otto E. Kraft of Pasadena to Miss Myra Williamson, daughter of Mrs. Henry J. Rife.
 Fowler Shankland to Miss Isabel Davenport of New Brighton, Staten Island.

Approaching Weddings

November 9—A. Raymond Risley of Phoenix, Ariz., to Miss Elsie E. Holliday.
 November 10—W. P. Jeffries to Miss Lora Hubbell, in the Immanuel Presbyterian church.
 November 16—Angus Graham, Jr., to Miss May Ridelle, at 1525 West Twenty-ninth street.
 November 17—Arthur Van Norden to Miss Zaidee G. Hartwell, in the Immanuel Presbyterian church.
 November 22—Howard Squires to Miss May Gilmore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gilmore of Grand View.
 November 23—Walter E. Woodcock to Miss Mamie Hutchinson.
 November 24—John D. Purcell to Miss Ouida Alford of 236 W. Sixteenth street.
 November 30—Frank Hartley Small to Miss Marie Malvena McCauley, at 926 Westlake avenue.



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On the Stage and Off

"Everyman" induces a variety of impressions as approached from the widely divergent points of religion and art. The simplicity and reverence with which this five hundred year old morality play is produced by Ben Greet and his company of English players commend the work to earnest attention. It may be argued that the contemplation of Death is neither healthy nor Christian, but the present writer prefers to approach the study of "Everyman" from the point of historical and artistic interest. Peter Dorland was the Ibsen of the fifteenth century. His analysis of the component features of human character is quite as subtle—in franker form—as Ibsen's dissection of human disease. Both lead to the same goal—dissolution. Dorland's personifications are as simple as those of Bunyan in "Pilgrim's Progress" and as easily assimilated by the child, but I would take no child to see "Everyman," for its method is morbid and its moral difficult. The artistic charm of "Everyman" is in its fidelity to the traditions of the Elizabethan stage, and were it not for the electric footlights and some modern scenic accessories one might easily transport oneself three centuries back. Ben Greet's players are distinguished by the purity of their enunciation—the clearness of their "reading" and the music of their voices being delightfully refreshing. Constance Crawley who essays "Everyman" has a most exhaustive task and she makes it instinct with art throughout. Compare the brilliant picture Miss Crawley draws of buoyant Life, rollicking through the cloisters of Salamanca cathedral, and her gaunt, subdued figure of Life facing Death, and you realize that in light and shade Miss Crawley's "Everyman" is a wonderful delineation for its versatility and faithfulness. The historical tradition of the players circulating in the audience is faithfully observed, but to me it was a disillusionment, especially when "Everyman" sets forth on his long last journey and promenades around the auditorium with his face and fingers still dripping with grease paint, which depicts the approach of death—when the grease paint is at a decent distance. This and the grotesquely fashioned Death were the only disturbing elements in a performance that for scholarly research and artistic reverence is preeminent. Mr. Greet and his erudite company give several more performances of "Everyman" at Hazard's Pavilion—Temple Auditorium, I beg its pardon—and no student of the drama or admirer of the curious can afford to miss it.

Oh! No! Belasco and Morosco are not at war! Here is Oza Waldrop, Fred Belasco's own dramatic child, and hitherto distinctly the most interesting person in his Los Angeles stock company, corralled into the Morosco camp. And the Belasco people insinuating unpleasant things concerning Miss Waldrop's morals! Shocking and ingenious for its novelty. For is it not a very novel proposition for a manager to think it derogatory to an actress's reputation to have figured in one or more divorce suits? Ask Brother David! How much value did Mrs. Leslie Carter get at the launching of her stage career by the free advertising attached to her divorce proceedings? But, seriously, it is as lamentable as is it stupid and unfair that, in this healthy rivalry

for superior talent, managers should traduce the private character of the talent they lose. Play fair, gentlemen, play fair!

The Examiner was the only morning paper that was not imposed upon by the palpable fake sent out from the Belasco Theater pretending that Miss Waldrop had been "fired" on account of the "unenviable notoriety" that might arise from her connection with a pending divorce suit. The young woman, I understand, although not much more than two score years of age, has already survived two experiences of the kind, twice married and twice divorced, and her acting has certainly not been impaired thereby. Furthermore, and of more importance, Miss Waldrop sent in her two weeks' notice on Sunday evening an hour before the Belasco management grew indignant about certain divorce proceedings in which Miss Waldrop is **not** named. It is an ugly story.

Col. Price will hardly pretend there is no war now! I have it on excellent authority that three weeks ago Belasco and Morosco chanced to meet in the Goodfellows' Grotto in San Francisco and declared an amicable truce. This was after Belasco's first assault on the Morosco forces when he captured Tom Oberle. In retaliation Morosco was planning to win away Marie Howe, the clever character woman who has been with Belasco for the last six years, and who this week is making everybody laugh in "Lovers' Lane" at Belasco's local house. Accident drove Fred Belasco and Ollie Morosco to the same table at the Grotto, and over their viands and wine, in the presence of a third party, it was agreed that on condition of Morosco's quitting his pursuit of Marie Howe, Belasco would cease to make inroads on Morosco's company; furthermore, certain terms as to White Whittlesey's engagement at the Burbank were settled of which Morosco claims to have a memorandum signed by Belasco. The truce was sealed over a final stein, and the white dove of peace flitted between the Belascoan and Moroscoan mouths. The next thing that Morosco knew—a few days later—was that his most precious prize, his leading woman, Amelia Gardner, had signed a contract with Belasco. And now the fur is flying! The seat of war is for the nonce transferred to Los Angeles. Belasco, flanked by a Herald war correspondent disguised as a dramatic critic—Frank Finlayson is Belasco's attorney—sits vigilant at his stage door to intercept bombs from the Morosco camp and catch them on his own broad bosom. Morosco pours his tale of woe into the confiding ear of Constance Skinner, a dramatic critic disguised as a war correspondent, and sends long distance helliographs to Frank McVickers and George Woodward to stand pat although engaged in murdering Hamlet in San Francisco. But I fear the war will not last. The provider soon tires of the producer and the consumer dividing the spoils of war and finally gives up the internecine strife as stale and unprofitable. In the meantime, however, actors grow exalted at increased salaries and the public will be benefitted by the improvement of both the Morosco and the Belasco stock companies.

Whatever you do, if you have an inclination for twentieth century drama, don't miss "Bernard Shaw's "Candida" at the Mason for the remainder of the week. Lester Lonergan, who succeeds Arn-

old Daly as the young poet, is an able actor and some years ago was Modjeska's leading man at the Burbank. "Candida" is a long jump from the modern musical comedy of commerce but it is well worth while. With "Everyman" and "Candida" being played simultaneously, Los Angeles culture cannot complain.

White Whittlesey and company are giving a very nice performance of "Second in Command" at the Burbank; it is a pretty play and is drawing well. Mr. Whittlesey gives a sincere impersonation of the attractive Kit Bingham, but has an unfortunate trick of effeminacy in voice that ill suits the character. Miss Lawton is more satisfactory in this play because she is more natural, but Muriel is a lachrymose lady at best. Young Sainpolis does a thoroughly worthy piece of work and reads his lines well as Col. Miles Anstruther. The piece and Mr. Whittlesey have been well received, but the organized claque—I sat in the midst of it the other night—is an infernal nuisance.

For an admirable example of modern staging let me commend you to "Lovers' Lane" at the Belasco this week. Col. Price, who superintended the original production in New York, has drilled his forces to admirable advantage. The school children in the second act—even in the initial performance—were splendidly drilled. Little Fay Wallace, whose promising work I have several times had occasion to commend, is making the most of her unexpected opportunity as Simplicity. Miss Wallace had only twenty hours' study on the part and at the first performance won her way. "Lovers' Lane" is distinctly superior to the ruck of Clyde Fitch's potboiler comedies.

The Oliver Morosco Company have been essaying the ambitious task of "Hamlet" this week at the Majestic in San Francisco. The performance is said to have been a revelation of what creditable work it is possible for a stock company to do in Shakespeare. J. H. Gilmour's reading of the melancholy Dane, according to the Chronicle, showed high intelligence, close study and the experience of a trained actor. Frank McVickers, as was to be expected, did excellent work as the King. "Ophelia, as portrayed by Amelia Gardner, was a somewhat weak and lackadaisical character." (Well, wasn't she so?). Howard Gould and Harry Mestayer played Laertes and Horatio respectively; George Woodward was Polonius and Eleanor Gordon the Queen.

The Olympia Opera Company will close its long season at the Casino at the end of next week. It will be succeeded by a musical comedy company, headed by Dorothy Morton and managed by Peuri Wilkerson. The present idea is to maintain this company for several months in such pieces as "The Chaperons," "The Girl from Up There" and "The Girl from Dixie." Among the people already engaged are Ben Dillon, Ralph Post, Elsie Clinton and Nellie Garen.

E. A. Fischer and John Rebman, representing the majority of the stock of Fischer's in San Francisco, have turned over the eleven years remaining on the lease and all their stock to Tony Lubeski and a syn-

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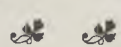
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New Bill for Week Commencing Monday, Nov. 7, 1904

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dicate for a consideration of \$40,000. The new owners will retain the name of Fischer's, but next week will open the house as a vaudeville theatre at 10 and 20 cents.

Heinrich Conreid will bring his Metropolitan Opera company to the coast next April and we are promised "Parsifal."

Oliver Morosco is evidently keen on his production of "Ghosts." He is now advertising in the dramatic papers for the whereabouts of William Thompson who played Jacob Engstrand with Mary Shaw in the Ibsen horror.

The most interesting event in New York's theatrical world last week was the appearance of dear old Mrs. Gilbert at the Lyceum in a new comedy written especially for her by Clyde Fitch and called "Granny." She will play for three weeks at the Lyceum and then begin a tour of the principal cities, and that will end her stage career. She was one of the great favorites of Daly's in the old days and she has hosts of friends left. The plot of "Granny" was suggested by a French work of George Mitchel. At the end of the performance Mrs. Gilbert recited an epilogue written for her and this was the signal for a noisy tribute, the like of which is rarely witnessed.

Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Mason. The first three nights of next week, with a matinee on Wednesday, will be given over to Haverly's Minstrels. In the first olio the minstrels appear in the inside of a gigantic watermelon. The inimitable Billy Van is still the bright particular star of Haverly's, and you musn't miss him.

"Glittering Gloria," originally a comedy made in England, and transformed into a musical comedy for Fisher and Ryley, comes to the Mason for the rest of the week. Isadore Rush heads the company.

Morosco's Burbank. Oliver Morosco puts in a new stock company next Sunday afternoon, headed by L. R. Stockwell, an excellent comedian. The first play will be Hoyt's farce "Temperance Town." Morosco's new leading woman will be Charlotte Dean, and among the other members well known here, are John W. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Duffield, William Desmond, Oza Waldrop and Louise Brownell.

Belasco's. "The First Born," Francis Powers' realistic play, depicting life in San Francisco's Chinatown, will be next week's attraction. It is being staged under the personal direction of Fred Belasco, who was responsible for the original and most successful production.

Orpheum. The Three Dumonds, always prime favorites in Los Angeles, head next week's bill. At this visit a girl is substituted for one of the "brothers." William J. Sullivan and Clarice Pasquelena, give a Bowery sketch called "The Newsboy's Appeal." The Harvey Comedy company will be seen in "Wanted, a Groom." Owley and Randall, acrobats and jugglers, will provide the fourth new feature. Of those on this week's bill who remain are Lewis McCord and company, Jose De Witt, Sinon and Paris, and Techow's Cats.

Hazard's Pavilion

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FRANCIS POWERS' realistic and powerful play, depicting Life in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco

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FAREWELL WEEK

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee..... Nov. 6

POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF

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NEXT WEEK—"The Orphan's Prayer."

Prices the same: 10c., 25c. and 50c.

Grand. "Arizona," one of the very best American plays yet written, will be put on next week for the first time in Los Angeles at popular prices. A very capable company is promised.

Casino. Next week the Olympians will bid us farewell, closing their long engagement November 12, in order that they may open the new Bijou Theater in New Orleans a week later. Their farewell offering will be "The Two Vagabonds," which is another name for "Erminie," Francis Wilson's ever-green success.

Stars, et al.

Grace Van Studdiford is continuing her success in "Red Feather."

George Ade will be the guest of honor at a dinner to be given by the American Dramatists' Club next Sunday in New York.

The opera company from the San Carlo Theater, Naples, is singing in London at Covent Garden. Puccini was present when they opened in his "Manon Lescaut."

Charles Wyndham, accompanied by his leading woman, Mary Moore, and his London company, will shortly open their first engagement at the Lyceum Theater, New York.

Ida Conques is at the home of her parents in Brookline and will remain there until after election, when she starts out with "The Money Makers," in which she is to be starred.

Harry Corson Clarke expects to establish a comedy company in New York if he can obtain an available theater.

Isabel Irving has bought the American rights of Israel Zangwill's one-act comedy, entitled "Six Persons," and will appear in it before going to London to play in "The Crisis."

Hughey Dougherty, the old-time minstrel, has decided to break into vaudeville for a time. He will be a member of "The Ham Tree" company, McIntyre and Heath's starring vehicle, written by John J. McNally.

Viola Allen has again won success in a Shakespearean comedy, "The Winter's Tale," in which she plays Hermione and Perdita.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will not appear in any play this season and will rest until next autumn. She has played almost steadily for the past twelve years and is in need of a holiday.

A Rome letter in the Dramatic Mirror says Novelli, the Italian tragedian, who shortly comes here, cuts his own hair. This is not from any sense of economy, but may be because he thinks the average barber is a murderer of capillary grace.

Beatrice Grenville, Madeline Anderson and Lillian Lawton, who are in May Irwin's production of "Mrs. Black Is Back," are three English girls who stepped suddenly into fame by their sensational "champagne dance" in "The Silver Slipper."

Florence Bindley has a novel way of introducing her "diamond dress" in her new musical drama, "The Street Singer." Apparently from space Miss Bindley appears, as do her show girls, and, after introducing their musical numbers, disappear as mysteriously as they came.

J. J. LONERGAN

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Scope and Purposes of Womens' Clubs (Continued from Page 13)

This system preserves the home in many cases—parental love, parental authority, parental responsibility. It gives the child the supervision of authority of the judge and the personal guardianship of the probation officer. By its provisions wayward or neglected boys and girls, instead of being sent to jail or reform schools, may be given a helping hand and an opportunity to work out their salvation.

To the women's clubs belongs the honor not only of having initiated the movement for the passage of the law, but of making its enforcement possible by opening wide their purses. The latter was made necessary because no provision was made in the new law for the salaries of probation officers, an intentional omission whose purpose was to remove the office entirely from political influences.

I have ventured to enlarge upon this work—not as exemplifying the entire scope of women's clubs, but because it illustrated so completely the far-reaching influence of so small a part of club activity, because the seed there sown seems to have fallen in an especially fruitful field—the love of all the world for a little child.

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In The Musical World

It is really very curious that the Sousa bubble does not get pricked. That the advertisement-worn veteran's organization is of the dirigible airship variety is plainly manifest, even while readily admitting its fine qualities in some regards.

To speak the bald unblushing truth—and I hate to do it, because I know it will pierce the very heart of my good friend, Mr. Fitzgerald—Sousa's limitations give him absolutely no chance against the warm-blooded boys of the sunny south; and, as a matter of fact, I doubt exceedingly whether he can actually hold his own with three or four of the American bands in the genuinely musical field.

Sousa's reed choir, however, is beauty itself: indeed, his individual membership unquestionably ranks high enough for all needs—that is, technically.

Moreover, Sousa and his band can do two things well. Dainty, characteristic bits of the clever Kroe-ger type and burlesques on Bedelia and the like are delightful in their hands. The famous home-made marches, too, are quite their own. No other band that I have heard can turn off these swashbuckling measures in the cavalier fashion affected by Sousa.

But, then, they are all in. Tannhauser, William Tell, and the overture library in general they can play as flawlessly as a Simplex piano player; but, where Creatore or Chiaffarelli fairly lift you from your seat, Sousa does not cause the flicker of an eyelash.

Sousa's ensemble crescendo has no climax apart from sheer, commonplace noise. It has no body, no "guts" (be not shocked, dear one—'tis a good old

English word), no homogeneity, no magnetism, no thrill.

And, as for the deep, passionate, throbbing, emotional modern school of Bizet and Ponchielli and Leoncavallo and Mascagni, or even the tempered modernity of Verdi, we must fain confess that it has as yet little or no place in the make-up of the average Anglo-Saxon.

Perhaps it is quite as well. Fervid imaginings running amuck in hot-blooded veins are not precisely helpful to those of a prayerful spirit.

The Ellis Club gave a jolly smoker on Tuesday evening in their rehearsal hall, with a Dutch supper and an impromptu Songfest as special relishes.

Under the benign influence of a particularly strong cigar (huh!) and a glass of ginger-ale, young Clifford Lott gave free rein to his native intensity and brought home to us a far more thorough appreciation of his great capabilities, and still greater possibilities, than has hitherto been vouchsafed. In a Gabussi duet with his friend, Mr. Gregg, the talented baritone created an even more marked effect—no small share, however, of the impression being directly attributable to Mr. Gregg's participation.

The whole program was, in fact, on a high plane of excellence. Mrs. Collette's two songs being instances in point: and not the least interesting incident of a thoroughly enjoyable evening was the presentation by the club members of a handsome secretarie and chair to their efficient secretary, Captain H. D. Alfonso, as some token of their appreciation of his cheery and effective labors in the interests of the society.

Mr. Behymer tells me that the Symphony Orchestra has been actually secured for the Los Angeles Choral Society's presentation of "The Messiah" under Mr. Jahn's direction. Good. I hope it may be so. Mr. Hamilton's fine body of players are quite capable of Handelian interpretation under a skilled baton—but how, as a body, they are going to get away from their regular work is not quite clear. The date is Monday, December 26.

The first concert of the Symphony Orchestra is now announced for Friday evening, December 2nd, with Miss Lydia Gross as the vocalist. Mr. Hamilton believes Miss Gross to be quite the equal of any soloist yet heard with this organization.

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Director Innes, of Innes band fame, has been making a stay among us with a view to a possible visit of his men next May.

I suppose he took in Sousa and formulated opinions regarding his formidable rival. Why in the world did not some enterprising scribe get an interview apropos of this? "Innes on Sousa" would be a pretty good column.

Creatore, the creator of many and wonderful gyrations—but, nevertheless, the evolver of marvelous emotional effects—comes to the Temple Auditorium with his own Italian Band in February. Ellery's Italians, too, are presumably on their way back. Yet a little longer, and we will all be band mad.

Well, it is all right. Personally, I am more than willing to have the thrills go chasing up and down an ordinarily reluctant old spine; and, while we are confessing to this much, do not let us forget that it was Ellery's boys who first got us started on the emotional shoot the chutes.

The first of the six Rogers-Lott chamber concerts materializes at the Dobinson Auditorium (Goodness! Are we all "Auditoriums" now?) on Thursday evening next, the 10th.

The Kraus-Opid Rogers trio are to present the Beethoven opus 11 and Goldmark's opus 4; while the Stivers-Joy-Gregg-Lott quartet will give Atterbury's "O that we a maying go," German's "Lovely May" and Rheinberger's "Good Night."

I hope to be there, with my own private double-decked auditorium in good working order. Season tickets, and single admissions, I presume, may still be secured of Mr. Lott at his Dobinson studio.

Max Heinrich is announced for a tour through Southern California with concert programs including, as a special feature, the Strauss "Enoch Arden."

There is a statement afloat that Mrs. Collette and Mr. Heinrich are engaged for "The Messiah." The securing of the first-named would be an excellent move, for the florid Handelian style is quite in the mode of this charming soprano. But, with Mr. Lott available, I should doubt the latter part of the rumor.

It is only possible to give a couple of good words to the Casino this week, Richard Harlow's impersonation of Catherine in Rice's old extravaganza "Evangeline" merely showing this clever actor in his "Queen Isabella" business in a short dress.

Miss Lottie Kendall is pretty and dainty, just as much so as she always is; and the nothing she has to do is made the most of.

But, strange to say, the one really cheerful feature of the whole performance is (or was, at least, on Monday) Carrick Major's interpolated song "The Stranded Ship," the production of a local writer, Liston S. Robinson.

The song itself is simple enough, but somebody has orchestrated it very nicely; and, when Mr. Carrick comes to the front as a plain Jack Tar, and, with cap in hand and most of his mannerisms thrown to the four winds, sings the little ditty unaffectedly there follows the tribute to his fine natural voice which should have been his from the first.

Using this point as a text, I again reiterate the conviction that the use of the bass register in solo

work is the gravest of sins against nature, against one's own vocal welfare and against the long-suffering audiences. Mouthing and over-covering, with the inevitable poverty of enunciation and falsity of pitch, is the second serious fault, and nine out of ten vocalists are the unwitting victims of one or both of these bad habits.

Mr. Arthur Farwell's Lecture-Recital before the Friday Morning Club finds a bad day for the **Graphic**, seeing that we go to press on Thursday morning.

But it may be said as a matter of general interest, that Mr. Farwell is a young man with a mission—that of the progress of American music, presumably with the music of the American Indians as a basic idea.

I suppose it is feasible. Mr. Farwell says it is, and, having studied the question thoroughly, wrestled with its problems, and communed with its prophets, he ought to know. In any event, Mr. Farwell is greatly interested in putting the works of its pioneers into the hands of those who have the power to help the onward movement, this being achieved through the Wa Wan Press by means of regular subscriptions.

Mr. Farwell is, I believe, visiting with Mr. Lummis, and any communications from those who may be willing to co-operate may thus readily find him.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

NOTES

Miss Gertrude Cohen gives the first of a series of piano recitals at the Dobinson Auditorium on Wednesday evening, November 23rd.

Mr. Lott is down for an early appearance with the Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Alice Coleman announces a series of chamber concerts in Pasadena—her home town.

Miss Coleman and Mr. Barnhart assisted Mr. Farwell in his Lecture-Recital before the Friday Morning Club yesterday, the lecturer himself appearing also as a violinist.

Miss Corinne Bailey is to be heard in concert in this city very shortly.

Mr. Peje Storck is projecting a pianistic tour through Southern California under Mr. Behymer's auspices.

Roland Paul, too, the tenor, has the touring bee in his bonnet.

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Alice Coleman

PIANIST

WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS CUMNOCK SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
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Financial

November 3rd. 1904.

The heavy transactions on the New York Stock Exchange for the past week clearly indicate public participation. It is the old story over again. After months of coaxing the public has finally been induced to enter the market, and is now engaged in loading up with stocks that professional operators bought at much lower figures. It is not to be denied that the general situation looks favorable for a continuance of the advance; if it looked otherwise, the public would not buy. Hence, it is a sound deduction that the money interests of Wall street are unanimous in using every known device to help along the optimistic views of the future that are honestly held by the great majority. The present buyers who are "outsiders" may see some profit in their present purchases, but it is an open and serious question as to whether they will in the aggregate ever reap anything but losses from their investments.

The shrewd operators, who are able to discern the first indication of a reverse in the outlook, are now confining their purchases to issues that have not had a large advance. But sooner or later a financial cloud will appear on the horizon, which will cause a shrinkage in values and end in the public selling out at a loss, and to the very interests who have manipulated the present advance, and who are now reaping a golden harvest.

The first day of the present week witnessed the engagement of \$5,000,000 gold for export (shipment by Thursday's steamer). This came somewhat unexpectedly and at the time caused a break in prices, but the public buying ultimately absorbed all offerings, and so the end of the present upward movement is not yet. All the gold that may be taken from New York upon the movement that has just begun will be taken from banks, and will reduce the surplus by 75 per cent of the amount.

To show the profits which have been made by those investors who bought stocks when nobody wanted them, and put them away for a rise, the following table is of interest:

	Stock par value.	Rise in points.	Increase in value.
Amal. Copper	\$153,000,000	22	\$33,600,000
Am. Smelting	50,000,000	21	10,500,000
Am. Smelting, pref.	50,000,000	21	10,000,000
Am. Sugar	45,000,000	14	6,300,000
Atchison	102,000,000	21	21,400,000
Atchison, pref.	114,000,000	14	15,900,000
Balt. & Ohio	124,000,000	23	28,200,000
Brook. Rap. Trans	45,000,000	29	13,000,000
Canadian Pacific	84,000,000	23	19,300,000
Ches. & Ohio	62,000,000	18	11,000,000
Chic. Mil. & St. Paul.	58,000,000	32	18,500,000
Chic. & Northwest.	48,000,000	30	14,000,000
Consolidated Gas	80,000,000	28	22,400,000
Erie	112,000,000	12	13,200,000
Illinois Central	95,000,000	20	19,000,000
Louis. & Nashville	60,000,000	34	20,400,000
Manhattan Elev.	55,000,000	20	11,000,000

Missouri Pacific	77,000,000	17	13,000,000
New York Central	132,000,000	23	29,300,000
N. Y., Ont. & West.	58,000,000	16	9,200,000
Norf. & Western	66,000,000	20	13,000,000
Pennsylvania R. R.	301,000,000	24	72,000,000
Reading	69,000,000	34	23,400,000
Rock Island	88,000,000	11	9,600,000
Southern Pacific	197,000,000	21	41,000,000
Southern Ry.	119,000,000	16	19,000,000
Union Pacific	108,000,000	36	38,000,000
U. S. Steel	508,000,000	13	66,000,000
U. S. Steel, pref.	360,000,000	32	115,000,000
Total	\$3,420,000,000		\$728,500,000

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OIL

While the oil market is still inactive, the hope for better prices in the near future, is not dead, and what I have previously said regarding the probability of an advance, still holds good.

The independent movement in the Kern River field seems to have taken on new life, and the organization will now probably be effected, although at one time it appeared as dead as Bard's senatorial boom. There are now twenty of the leading independent companies included in the new combine, which number constitutes practically all the concerns except those which have their production sold for a number of years ahead, and that fact will not affect the success of the present undertaking.

This organization is unlike the Associated Oil Co. in that it does not propose to attempt competition with the Standard Oil Co. The idea is merely self protection and mutual benefit. Most of the companies interested have sold or are now selling to the Standard and will probably continue to do so, but want to be in a position to demand a decent price for their product, and they will be, if they "stand up to the rack."

In this determination the organizers shows wisdom, because the sooner the Standard buys all the oil produced and sells all the oil consumed, the sooner better prices will obtain, not only in the Kern River field, but throughout the state; for as long as the Standard is obliged to bid, in selling oil, against half a dozen independent companies, just so long will prices be cut. If these independent com-

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panies, on the other hand, kept out of the market and looked to the larger corporation to handle their oil for them, the consumer would be obliged to pay more for his fuel, and the producer would, no doubt, receive a fair price for his product.

It looks as if the producer in the Kern River field would soon be in a good position to "talk turkey" to somebody.

The situation at Coalinga has been considerably brightened by the opening of the Coalinga Oil Transportation Co.'s new pipe line from the field to seaboard at Monterey, and it has not only to an extent stimulated operations in the field, but it has resulted in making prices firmer and in some instances in considerable higher prices being offered. This line comes in direct competition with the Standard, as it is from this field that the latter concern secures most of its oil for the Point Richmond refinery. The new company has invested about \$750,000 in this latest enterprise and the equipment, consisting of an 8-inch line and eight pump stations with storage capacity, etc., is well suited to enable it to carry out its purposes. The line terminates, as stated above, at Monterey, where the oil will be loaded on vessels for foreign shipment.

This line, together with the Standard's line, the Keystone (Union) and the Maine State lines, all in the market for oil, will place the Coalinga field in a position that will no doubt attract oil men, as the markets are now practically at their doors.

In the Santa Maria field nobody is worrying and everybody is sawing wood. The operators here all appear contented—if not with the present actual conditions, yet with the prospects. There is no want of a market for this quality of oil, and the only drawback at present is in transportation facilities. The narrow gauge railroad connecting this field with the outer world is short, both in rolling stock and motive power, and in no way prepared for taking care of the production. And this state of affairs has led to a movement which has for its end the construction of a pipe line to the coast, which is only about fifteen miles distant, mostly down grade. The scheme is still in embryo, but may materialize soon, although the 8-inch line of the Union Oil Co. from Orcutt to Port Harford, is already being laid.

The Santa Maria producers, at all events, are in excellent shape to dictate as to who shall have their oil and what price shall be paid for it, as they are all large concerns and can afford to wait if the present outlook promises nothing in the way of fair returns.

NOTES

The California State Bank Commissioners have granted a license to the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, authorizing it to do a banking business as a savings and loan corporation and bank at Los Angeles, from November 1. Its authorized capital is \$200,000, all of which has been subscribed for, and \$100,000 has actually been paid into the bank.

The Savings Bank and Trust Company of Pomona, is an assured success. It opened September 15, and up to Saturday, October 29, had over 300 depositors, a sure evidence that there is a field there for a savings bank. President Gillett says the patrons are double the number he expected in so short a time.

The bank of Yuma has closed its doors. The liabilities are \$62,000 and the assets \$56,000. The officers of the bank say that they will pay dollar for dollar. "Injudicious banking" is the reason assigned

for the failure and the territorial bank examiner has been asked to take charge.

Vice President Ramon Corral of Mexico and his suite, which includes Gov. Luis Torres of Sonora and Senora Torres, arrived in Los Angeles from the north at 11:20 o'clock Wednesday morning. A reception committee met the party of Mexicans at one of the outside stations and accompanied them to the city, the committee consisting of J. C. Kays, J. M. Elliott, A. B. Cass, W. N. Hamaker, Gen. Guillermo Andrade, Mexican vice-consul, and Carl F. Adam. Wednesday afternoon the party ascended Mt. Lowe, as guests of J. M. Elliott and W. H. Hamaker, and in the evening a reception was held for Gen. Corral in the Chamber of Commerce. Thursday morning he visited San Pedro harbor, J. Ross Clark of the Salt Lake road providing a special train and acting as host.

Bonds

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Orange, held October 26, it was voted to call an election to vote on an issue of bonds for \$75,000. \$50,000 to be used for a water plant, including fire protection; \$15,000 for an electric light plant and \$10,000 for a city hall.

The stockholders of the Covina Valley Gas Company, will hold a meeting in Covina at 10 a. m., December 29, the object being to submit to the stockholders the question of creating a bonded indebtedness of \$50,000.

A resolution has been introduced by Mr. Sherwood of the Anaheim Union Water Co. to issue \$50,000 in bonds for cementing main ditch and other ditches. Said bonds to be of convenient denominations and bear 6 per cent interest. The majority seem to oppose the issuance of bonds and it is not believed they will be issued.

President Diaz of Mexico, has authorized the issuance of \$100,000 in 6 per cent bonds for the inauguration of irrigation work in the republic.

Sealed proposals will be received by the County Clerk of Los Angeles county for the purchase of \$5000 school bonds of South Pasadena, up to 2 p. m. November 14. Bonds will be of \$1000 each and bear 5 per cent interest. Bond No. 1 payable November 14, 1924; Bond No. 2 Nov. 14, 1925; Bond No. 3 Nov. 14, 1926, and so on. A certified check for five per cent required with bid. Board reserves right to reject any and all bids.

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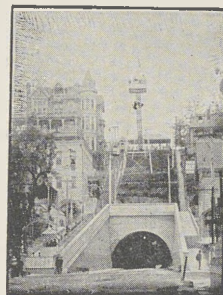
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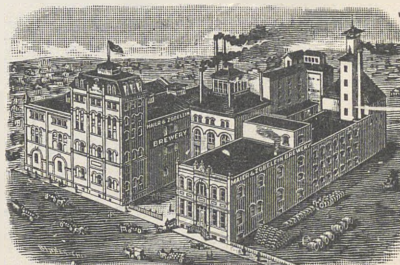
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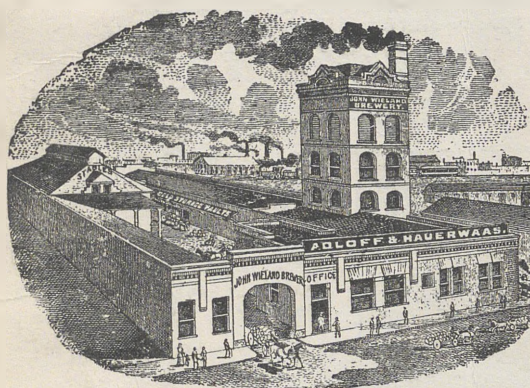
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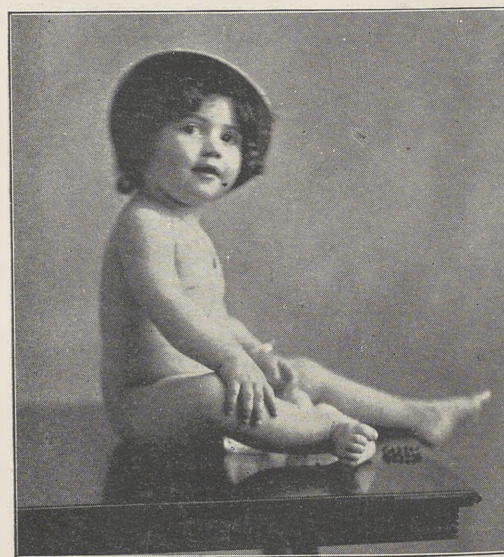
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